Saturday Night

Canada's Magazine of Business and Contemporary Affairs

AUGUST 31ST 1957 20 CENTS

Let's Stop The Waste In Defence Spending

BY MAJOR-GENERAL W. H. S. MACKLIN

The Argument That Stumped Eisenhower

BY ERNEST MARSHALL HOWSE

The "Inevitability" Of Peace

BY MAXWELL COHEN

Joey Bets The Bundle On Newfoundland Iron

BY GERALD FREEMAN

Capital Press

Woman in the Cabinet: Ellen Fairclough: Page 14

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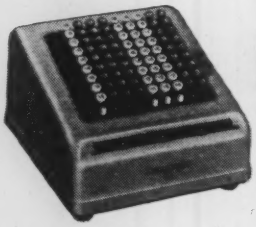

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Major-General W. H. S. Macklin

General Macklin (retired) is a professional soldier who served with distinction in both wars. His last appointment was that of Adjutant General to the Army. He offers some pertinent advice to the new Government on page 8.

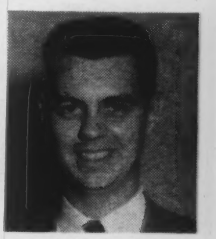
Ernest Marshall Howse

Dr. Ernest Marshall Howse is minister of Toronto's Bloor Street United Church and one of Canada's leading churchmen. A member of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, Dr. Howse discusses a challenging spiritual problem in "The Argument That Stumped Eisenhower" on page 12.

Catherine Greenwood

Catherine Greenwood, Halifax-born wife of an English aluminum company executive now living in India, describes her life there in our travel section beginning on page 16.

Gerald Freeman



Gerald Freeman, Canadian Press staff writer in Montreal, covered Newfoundland's Javelin ore transactions as CP Newfoundland correspondent. His report begins on page 7.

Have you appeared in an ad lately?

You can't find a bottle of Golden Velvet west of Juan de Fuca nor in the Amazon at the Headshrinkers Hotel.

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Golden Velvet doesn't come in a bag by Dior, a decanter by Orefors, nor is it beribboned by Schiaparelli. It comes in a glass bottle with a little label like this:

And, oh is it wonderful whisky!

Letters

"Juicy Plum" Plan

In its ninety-year history The Canadian Medical Association has been called by many names, but the appellation 'juicy plum' applied by William Sclater (New Retirement Plans Save You Tax Dollars, S.N., August 17) is a new one. However, a consistent advocate of a better tax deal for the self-employed, this Association is taking advantage of the current legislation to launch the Canadian Medical Retirement Savings Plan. This is a group split - funded arrangement in which the participant elects to apportion his contribution between a fixed annuity plan underwritten by The National Life Assurance Company of Canada and a common stock fund administered by the Royal Trust Company as trustee. Contributions will be received by the Bank of Montreal at any of its branches in Canada.

We have endeavoured to combine the utmost flexibility with the best long-term guarantees which we could negotiate, and to provide a hedge against the inflation so well described by R. M. Baiden in the same issue. In our unaccustomed wanderings in the realm of high finance it has been our aim to retain as much as possible of the juice of the plum to sweeten the retirement income of the doctor participant, and in the meantime we will do our best to confound the mortality tables by increasing the span of life.

TORONTO — A. D. KELLY
General Secretary,
The Canadian Medical Association

On Mr. Speaker

I am appalled at the suggestion made in your August 3 issue concerning former Commons Speaker, Hon. René Beaudoin. I was one of the many Ottawa residents who witnessed the debacle on Parliament Hill in May and June of 1956. While we may forgive Mr. Beaudoin and wish him well, the wisdom of giving him the chance to err again is highly debatable.

More important, this suggestion that Mr. Beaudoin be named Speaker again seems to reveal a certain naiveté on your part. You seem to forget that one of the key issues of the election campaign was the question of the supremacy of Parliament. Were Mr. Diefenbaker to turn around and reinstate Mr. Beaudoin, an important figure in this issue, the Prime Minister could be called a hypocrite and the charge, would in part, be justified. While this would assure Mr. Diefenbaker his "place" in Canadian parliamentary history, I doubt if it is one in which he would wish to be remembered. Mr. Diefenbaker's "place" will be earned through statesmanship, not through hypocrisy.

EDMONTON — WILLIAM F. W. NEVILLE

Larry and Bev

Like John Wilkens of Westmount, Que. (S.N. July 20), I too always read Beverley Nichols' "Letter from London", which invariably infuriates me! I would like to say to all your readers as I say to every Canadian I meet, "Take no notice of the stuff he writes." It strikes us over here as utterly biased and distorted.

It is full of sour grapes notably in connection with Royal functions to which he is not invited or is kept in the outer ring and the fatuous pretence of "being on first-name terms ("Larry Olivier") with everyone of consequence in the British Isles.

OXFORD, ENG. — JOHN JENNIFER

Sea-Air Power

William Sclater's article on our sub-chasing Navy points out in part what is needed to strengthen our seaborne airpower. He neglects, however, to mention the number of additional destroyers or destroyer-escorts that would be necessary to keep two additional carriers at sea. Aircraft carriers are large targets that require a continuous anti-submarine screen by surface escorts. We must think in terms of carrier task forces rather than of individual carriers and at least one such group is needed for each coast.

Land based aircraft cannot provide adequate air coverage for ships at sea. The weather conditions (i.e. fog as experienced on our east coast) render many airfields useless or seriously limit their use for critical periods.

Cheese or wheat might help to pay for some of this much needed seaborne airpower, but before resorting to barter methods we should take a hard look at what we are doing with our dollar outlays for defence. Are we wise in spending millions of dollars to support the high cost of developing new types of fighter aircraft (that are often obsolete before they are in production) when the United Kingdom and the United States are pouring such vast sums of money into this work? Would we not be further ahead

to take the best of the U.S. or British designs and have the aircraft manufactured in Canada? In the event of war we would almost certainly standardize on the best of the U.S. equipment to facilitate production, the supply of parts and the number of bases able to service our combined forces.

BROCKVILLE E. R. O'KELLY

Editor's note: For a hard look at defence spending, including the matter of aircraft, see page 8.

Waving the Flag

Relative to the flag "scandal"—for scandal it has been for the decades in which we had a Government so spineless and "gritless" that it could not get up courage enough to give Canadians a Canadian flag. All that John Diefenbaker has to do to capture Quebec, or at least consolidate his position there and elsewhere in Canada, is to fulfil the Conservative promise of giving a Canadian flag.

Every decent body of intelligent citizens has raised its voice for a quarter of a century demanding a national flag. The most recent has been the Junior Board of Trade—and it was about time for that august body to express a bit of Canadianism. What they and all Canadians demand is a Canadian National Flag. If other bodies such as the IODE, etc. want a Union Jack to fly, what is to prevent them from flying it?—But we Canadians want a Canadian flag and why in the name of Archons of Athens cannot we be given one?

HALIFAX R. ALLEYN

Nomination

The election dust is settling, at least temporarily, and one great man has been conspicuously ignored. He is the Right Honourable Louis St. Laurent. Mr. St. Laurent led our country brilliantly through its period of greatest economic, social and cultural growth.

His weaknesses were apparent to all. Economically, after using C. D. Howe's brain he ought to have given him the cabinet axe. (The one so often used by his predecessor Mackenzie King.) That would have kept St. Laurent in power.

St. Laurent was no Machiavelli. He was a statesman lacking the low cunning of politics per se. He is a gentleman and a scholar. His fine effort on our behalf ought now to be rewarded by the office of Governor General. It is an office specifically designed for men of great mould, for men who are high minded and can turn a deaf ear to the cries of political expediency and all-consuming power.

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Ottawa Letter

by John A. Stevenson

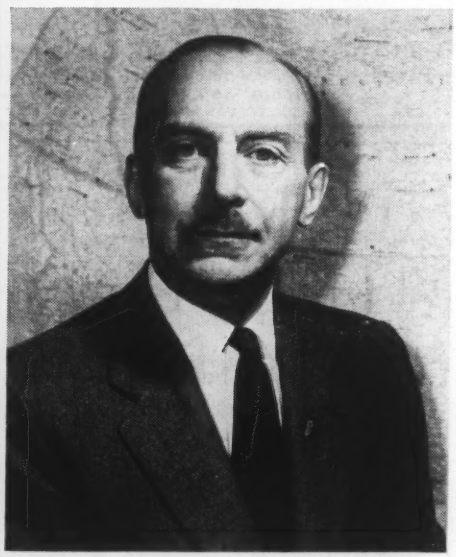
Liberals Lean Leftwards

THE DIEFENBAKER Ministry in giving effect to two decisions reached by its predecessor, namely for the curtailment of immigration and for the integration of the air defenses of Canada and the United States, lives up to the prediction that there would not be many changes in basic policy.

The decay of the British Liberal party which except for a small remnant has now been absorbed by the Conservatives, began in their last spell of effective power in the period 1906-18. In 1910 Hilaire Belloc, a great literary figure, who sat in Parliament as a Liberal of the Left, decided to quit politics because he could see no real difference between his own party and their chief adversaries, the Conservatives. And in bidding farewell to the House of Commons, after analyzing the workings of the party system, as he saw them, he denounced it as both unreal and dangerous to the country and went on to say:

"I do not see how anyone can stand in an English constituency today and say, 'If you return me, I will vote in favor of this or that set of men, self-appointed, who are going to bring forward some program I know not what.' If it were possible, which it is not, to fight against this, we might in the new Parliament have achieved something for the country. For myself I repeat my own intentions as a declaration of faith that I shall not be at pains to play the party game. I shall not go to my constituency and talk about the wicked leader of the Opposition and the good Prime Minister—angels here and demons there. I do not act like that and I do not believe my constituents think like that."

After World War I the British Conservatives, under leaders like Baldwin and Churchill, sponsored policies which would have horrified Tories of an older generation with the result that they allured so many members from the Liberal party into their fold that the Liberals were replaced by the Labor party as the instrument for providing an alternative ministry. Today we have reached a similar situation in Canada and, while the now ruling Progressive-Conservative party may lay more emphasis than the Liberals did upon strengthening Canada's ties with Britain and the rest of the Commonwealth, take more cognizance of the rights of Parliament and of the provinces, and diminish the number of Crown companies, they will embark upon no serious departures from the policies pursued by the Liberals in the past two decades. One restraining factor is the substantial leaven of liberal thought in the new Ministry. The Prime Minister himself in his hot youth was a Liberal and is clearly very loosely anchored to normal Tory moorings. Mr. J. M. Macdonnell at one time passed the test of Mr. Mackenzie King's ideas of a good Liberal so successfully that he invited him to join one of his Ministries and Mr. Hees has given vent to such radical views that a veteran Tory statesman was moved to say that his proper political home was with the C.C.F.



Agriculture's Harkness: Qualified?

Mr. St. Laurent has now returned to Ottawa from a well earned holiday and plans are afoot for the leaders of the Liberal party to hold a grand assize about its battered fortunes and chart a new course which will offer it a prospect of an early recovery of power. Messrs. Pearson, Martin, Pickersgill and most of the other chieftains from the English-speaking provinces will undoubtedly see no alternative to a sharp leftward move but they will encounter great difficulty in persuading many of their French-Canadian associates from Mr. St. Laurent downwards to accept a program whose aim would be a working alliance with the C.C.F. So the late election may have paved the way for a healthier realignment in our political world.

The Prime Minister has contented himself with filling two vacancies in his Cabinet and his dilatoriness about its completion has naturally evoked criticism even from friendly papers.

For the important Ministry of Agriculture his choice is Col. Harkness of Calgary who has been dividing his energies between temporary supervision of it and management of the Department of Northern Affairs and Natural Resources which was his special charge. Col. Harkness has been an excellent member of Parliament, diligent in his duties and competent in debate, but he has specialized mainly in military matters and the short apprenticeship for his onerous post which he has served as Acting-Minister will scarcely qualify him in the eyes of the farmers as an expert authority on their problems. However, he is a westerner who knows the prairie country well and he may prove to the farmers that he is as good a guardian of their interests as another former schoolmaster, J. G. Gardiner, whom he succeeds.

Mr. Paul Comtois who, as Minister of Mines and Technical Surveys, strengthens the representation of Quebec in the Cabinet is without parliamentary experience but he brings to Ottawa a creditable record as the holder of important local offices in his own community.

The batch of eight parliamentary assistants who have been appointed calls for no criticism and they have been picked with an eye to ensuring that every section of the country has representation in the Ministerial hierarchy.

Mr. Diefenbaker is apparently determined to retain in his own hands the Secretaryship for External Affairs but he is bound as the months roll by to discover that the burden of his two offices is too heavy.

He is imbued with an earnest and laudable desire to make the present rather loose association of the units of the British Commonwealth a real working partnership and, while an enlargement of their mutual trade exchanges will be helpful for the achievement of this aim, even more essential is a closer coordination of the foreign policies of the partner nations. Today there are three very important international problems crying out for solution before there can be a reasonable assurance of settled peace and security. One is the dangerously unstable situation in the Middle East; a second is the future of Germany; and a third is disarmament and the elimination of the grim spectre of nuclear warfare.

The intervention of British armed forces has enabled the Sultan of Muscat to suppress the Imam of Oman, who had challenged his authority, but it has been at the cost of antagonizing the Arab League and reviving the impression among

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the colored races all over the world that Britain is still an old-fashioned Imperialist power. The last has not been heard of the matter. A group of Arab states are going to raise the issue at the next meeting of the UN.

But Canada, having furnished a sizeable contingent to the UN force which is doing police duty on the frontiers of Israel cannot be indifferent to developments in the Middle East and it would be interesting to know, if our Government was consulted about, and gave its approval to, the British intervention in Oman. Furthermore, Canada with a substantial part of her armed forces stationed in Germany must be deeply concerned about the correlated problems of the reunification of that country and disarmament. Since the escape of the Canadian people from nuclear warfare depends upon a satisfactory settlement of this thorny problem, the Canadian Government ought to be able to speak with an authoritative voice for the furtherance of plans for its accomplishment.

But all three problems bristle with thorny complications and there must be flowing into the Department of External Affairs a steady stream of despatches from our own diplomats in different countries and from London and Washington. The Under-Secretary for External Affairs and his assistants can study the information and proposals about policy contained in these despatches and submit intelligent digests of them to their Minister, who is Mr. Diefenbaker. But our new Prime Minister evidently accepts a dictum of Tolstoi, that it is dangerous for statesmen who are at the pyramid of authority, to keep themselves far removed from its base, those ordinary men and women, whose lives are the stuff of history. So his appearances at local functions at Maxville and Prince Albert indicates an anxiety to maintain close personal contact with the voters. But a prolonged series of such engagements will be a heavy drain upon his energies and time and he has to preside at meetings of the Cabinet and exercise a general supervision over the activities of his colleagues and he has to apply a guiding hand to the formulation of the legislative program for the coming session.

How is he to find, without overtaxing his physical and mental powers, time for the careful examination of the flood of material presented to him by his officials which will be needed, if he is to speak with a well-informed and authoritative voice in the councils of the UN, NATO and the British Commonwealth? And how will he fare in the House of Commons, when he has to face the interrogations and reply in debate to the arguments of Mr. Pearson and Mr. Martin, who have both had a wide experience of international affairs and have now ample time to study their developments from day to day?

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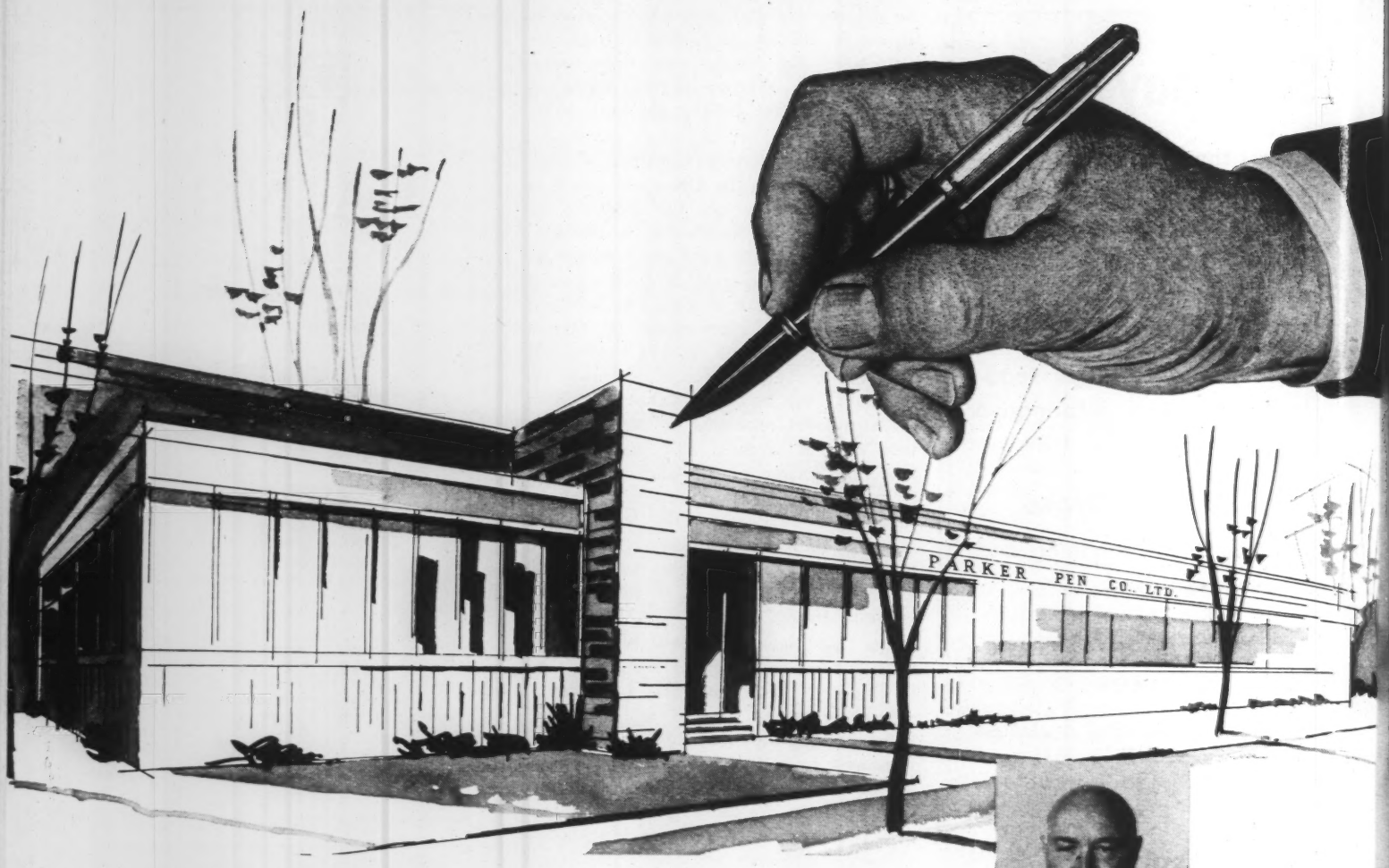

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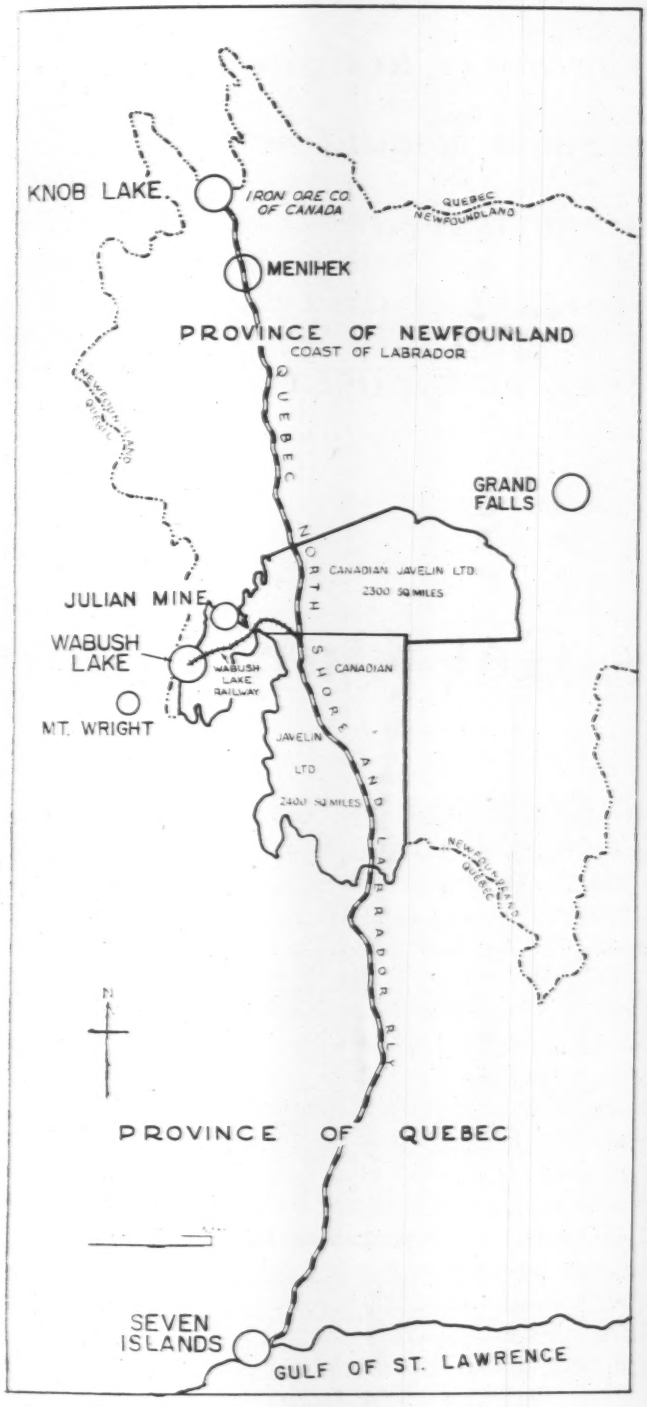

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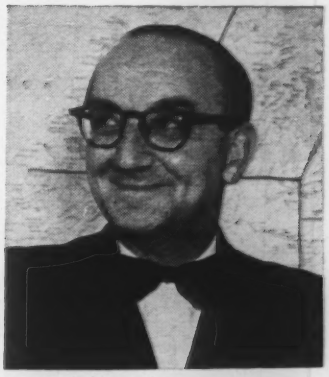
A half-billion dollar project gambles a Province's future in the Canadian Javelin deal.



Newfoundland's Joe Smallwood

A Half-billion Bet In Joey's Iron Deal

by Gerald Freeman

EIGHT MILLION DOLLARS is a lot of money to spend exploring a rockpile somebody else has discarded. John C. Doyle, the shrewd and bustling president of Canadian Javelin Limited, made the gamble on 2,300 square miles of mineral concession in southwestern Labrador and it paid off handsomely.

Javelin's surveys and preliminary construction cost $7,800,000 but they laid the foundation for a $500,000,000 iron ore project with terms abundantly favorable to Javelin — and to Doyle, the controlling stockholder. The venture was set on the road to realization with an agreement in Montreal June 28.

A group of companies including some of the firmest names in North American steel will pay Javelin back all it has spent and minimum royalties of $5,750,000 annually after 1969. Total royalties and profits for Javelin will run toward $50,000,000 a year if production hits 22,000,000 tons a year — one fifth of present North American production — the target for 1965. Javelin itself will not have to mine a pebble.

The deal is a monument to Doyle's tireless negotiations, and it lifts him from a comparatively obscure promoter and industrialist into the ranks of the big-leaguers. A side deal makes him the overlord of a vast portion of the province's natural wealth, responsible for the develop-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

by Major-General W. H. S. Macklin

One of the early actions of the new government should be to drag defence from under the bed where the old lot hid it and to let us have a long and hard look at it.

Let's Get Our Money's

MOST CANADIAN politicians are reluctant to discuss defence. The 22-year Liberal government was terrified of the whole business to the point of hysteria. The pale, gibbering spectre of conscription haunted their dreams.

And, except for a few stalwart, persistent critics such as George Pearkes, the new Minister of National Defence, the Conservatives generally kept their coats and gloves on when dealing with defence.

Since 1950 we have been spending on defence roughly five million dollars every day. Yet in 1956, and again this year, the debates on the defence estimates were farcical. Most of the members of parliament didn't even linger in Ottawa to listen, let alone participate.

The custom of the Liberals was to issue a "white paper" once a year, purporting to inform the public on defence. Actually, these annual reports were far more remarkable for what they omitted than for what they contained, which was negligible.

For the rest, the Liberals simply smothered discussion and debate by throwing a padded quilt of secrecy over all the main activities of the defence department in the name of "military security". Military security is a fine thing if it can keep important information from a potential enemy. In our case the only effect of the so-called "security" measures that have been foisted upon us these past ten years is to make it quite certain that, right now, the rulers of Russia know a lot more about the real effectiveness of the defences of Canada than the average Canadian knows.

So it is fervently to be hoped that one of the early actions of the Conservative government will be to drag the subject of defence out from under the bed where the old lot hid it, and let us have a long, hard look at it.

The first important subject that ought to be exhaustively debated, is the strategy which a huge slice of our vast financial outlay goes to support.

If anything was made clear in the annual white papers, it was that our basic strategy is one of deterrence, and that the agency of deterrence on which we chiefly depend is the United States Strategic Air Force. This air force is organized, and wholly equipped, to mount a massive, retaliatory, nuclear offensive. It is accurate to say that it is good for nothing else, since it cannot participate effectively in any war except a nuclear war.

To protect the American nuclear bombers from destruction on the ground in a sudden surprise attack, the United States and Canada have erected a gigantic air defence system, of huge static air fields, jet interceptors, and radar chains. The system has just been placed under a single, integrated command.

I stress that this system is primarily defending the strategic air force. It is simply a part of the deterrent, and there is no pretence that it can prevent the annihilation of our cities if the deterrent fails to deter, and a nuclear war starts. It remains true that, despite our stupendous outlay, we have no direct defence against nuclear weapons, and none is in sight.

The strategy of deterrence is excellent, if kept in proper perspective. Had there been no strategic air force with nuclear bombs a third world war might well have happened years ago. We might have lost it, and in any event the Russian Empire would probably be a lot bigger

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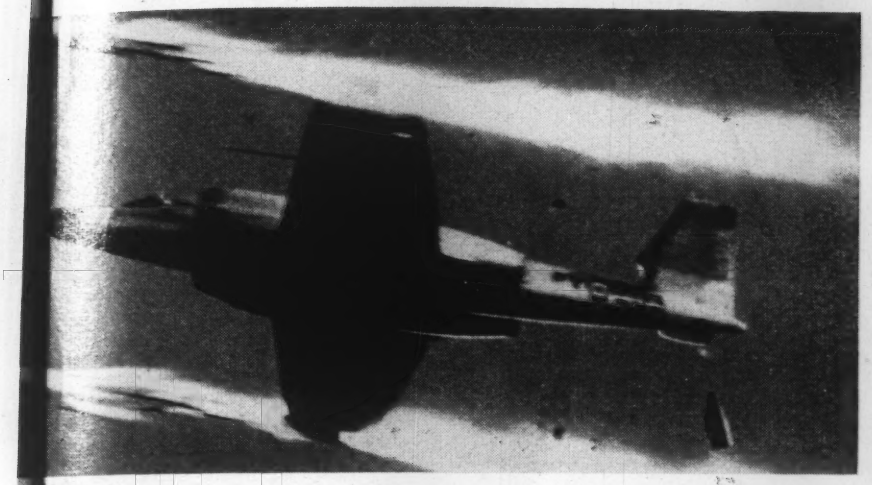
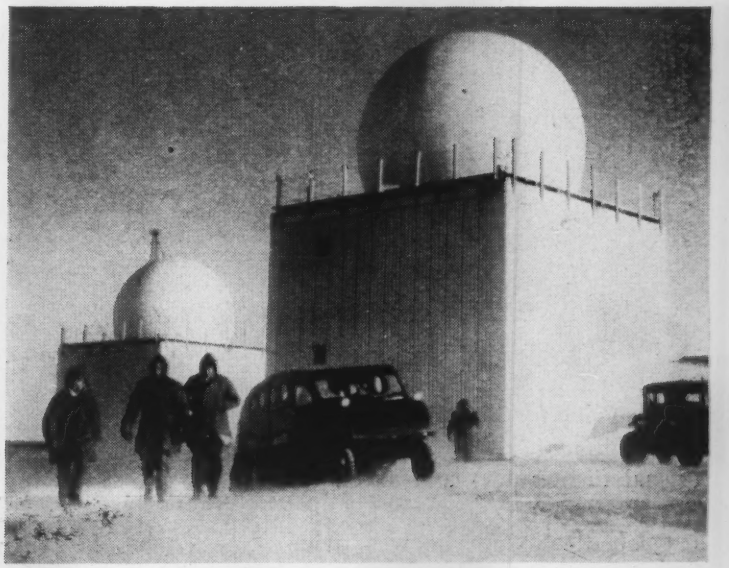


Why CF-100s in Europe and "no good" F-86s in Canada?

Obsolete way of getting soldiers to battle.

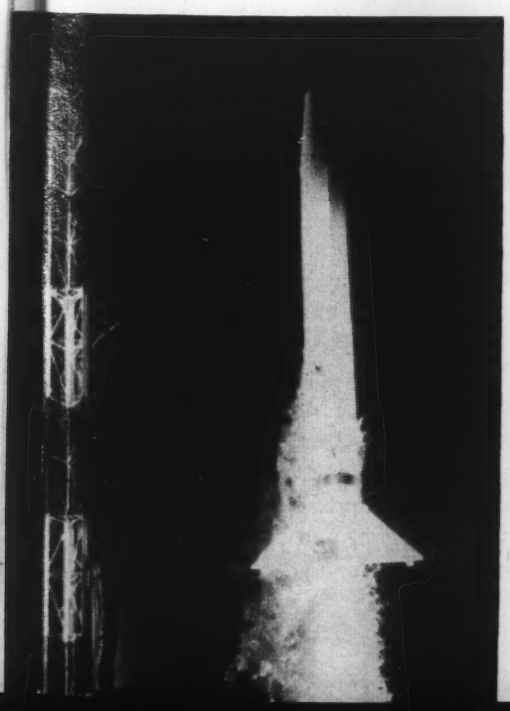
's Worth of Defence

Deputy Minister and Staff Chairman should go.



Radar chains are to protect U.S. strategic air force.

Some 200 18-year-olds in QOR battalion for Egypt.



U.S. tests nuclear bombs and rockets like firecrackers.

"The scene was incredible. It was impossible to realize that this wreckage had once been an aircraft."

Canada's Worst Air Crash

by Harvey Kirk

AT 2:07 SUNDAY AUGUST 11, Captain Norman Ramsay, flying a Maritime Central Airways four-engined DC-4, bound for Toronto, checked in with Quebec tower. He reported his altitude at 6,000 feet, flying "VFR" (visual flight rules) and asked for a weather report.

Quebec told him he was flying into a severe electrical storm. Ramsay, who had taken DC-4's loaded with steel, lumber and electronic equipment into Canada's early-warning radar stations in the far north, in every kind of weather and virtually without radio and meteorological guidance, reported he was "proceeding on course to Montreal", about one hour's flying time to the west.

Ramsay had 73 passengers aboard — men, women and children, including three infants — on the flight chartered by the Imperial Veterans' Division of the Canadian Legion's Ontario command, returning from their long-awaited holiday in Great Britain.

Pilot Ramsay: "a hard man to know".

Ramsay, 37 and a bachelor, was a solidly built, (6 feet, 190 lbs.) rather severe-looking man, his dark hair greying above his ears. He wore his dark blue MCA uniform with the precision of a matinee idol. He flew sitting very erect, his head constantly bobbing back and forth from his instrument panel to the wind-screen. His hands on the wheel were thick and stubby and he gave orders in a soft voice but clearly and precisely.

His co-pilot was First Officer Paul Renaud, 26, former RCAF Flying Officer who had recently told his brother Pierre that he wanted to quit his job. He was tired of the irregular hours a pilot has to keep. Between the cockpit and the crew bunks in a welter of radio equipment, radarscopes, maps and other navigational aids sat short, stocky Lou Morgan, an Australian 18 months in Canada. Third Officer

Gordon Stewart of Montreal, when he was not taking his turn at the controls, stretched out in the crew bunk. Looking after the passengers were stewardesses Charlotte Leblanc, 28, and Anne Marie Harvey, both of Moncton, N.B. Both had been with MCA about three months.

When Ramsay's plane, registration letters CF-MCF, didn't check in with the Montreal tower at 3:07 on schedule, they called MCA's Toronto representative Ted Mullins at Malton airport in suburban Toronto.

In his airless little office with its green, map-plastered walls Mullins was sweating it out. He was expecting two charter flights from Britain and more than 100 friends and relatives of passengers were stewing in the airport's dingy waiting room. Every few minutes he walked to the teleprinter in the corner watching for messages. As the minutes dragged by he walked around his desk and back and forth to the printer, mopping his half-bald skull.

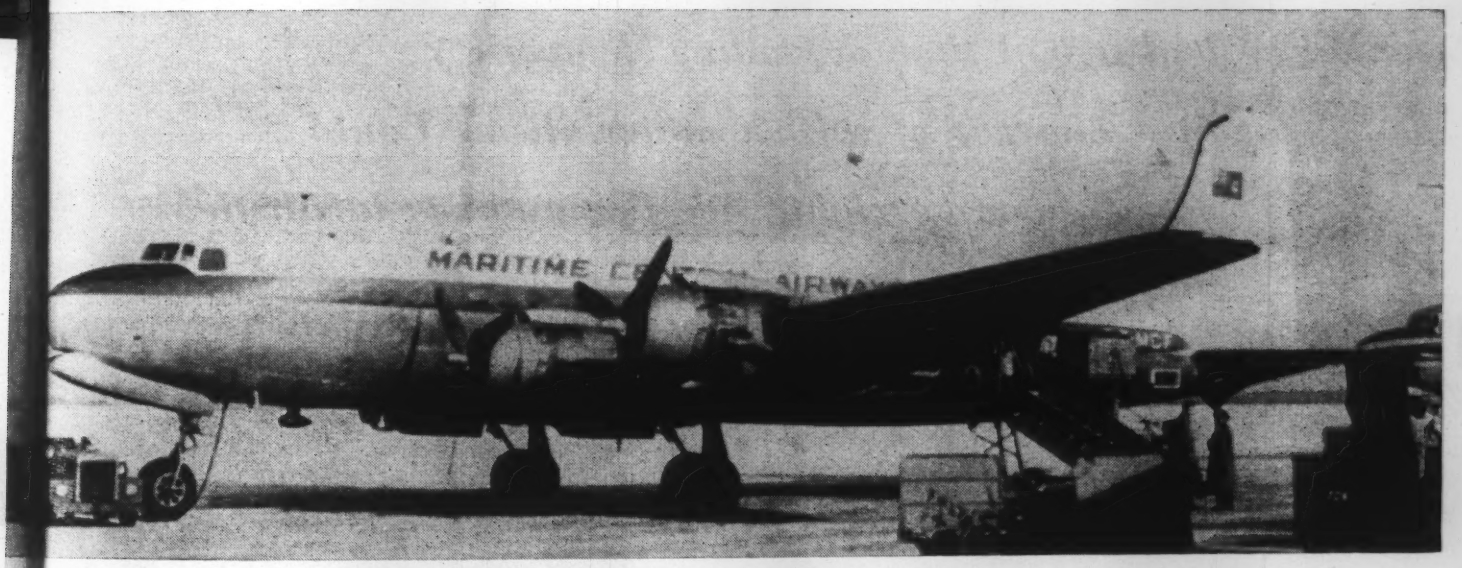
The phone rang. It was Capt. H. S. Jones, MCA's operations manager. The wreckage had been found near the Quebec village of Issoudun, 18 miles southwest of Quebec City. Three air-force parachutists dropped to the scene said no one could have survived.

Mullins phoned Trans-Canada Air Lines and had the hot and irritated relatives herded into a bare immigration room. He got up on a bench.

"Ladies and gentlemen. Can I have the attention of everyone here for an announcement." He pushed the sweat away with a white handkerchief. His face went red and then white. His voice was thin and pitched too high.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

While searchers dig a Quebec swamp for clues to the mysterious death of 79 in our greatest air tragedy, an air line's future and a pilot's reputation are the subject of guesswork and gossip.

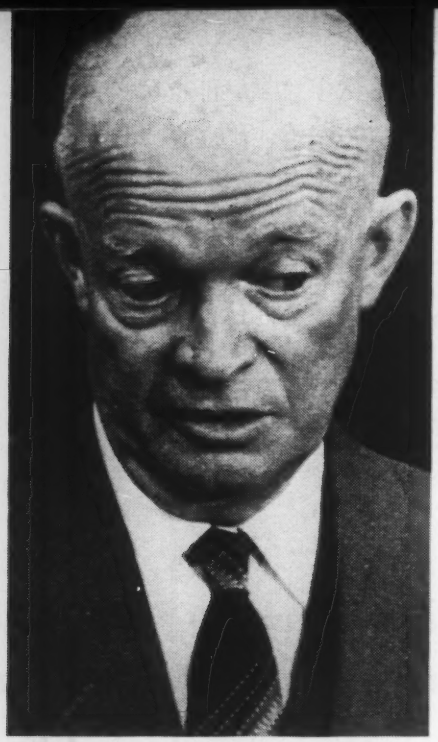


Maritime Central's ill-fated DC-4. MCA flew 36 million passenger miles last year, 12 million cargo-ton miles.

Passengers board at Toronto for a holiday in Britain on flight chartered by Imperial Veterans Division of the Canadian Legion.

Shocked relatives at Malton learn the plane has crashed with no survivors. Others were telephoned.

The Argument that Stumped Eisenhower



"Arguments that leave you breathless"

by Ernest Marshall Howse

Eisenhower had a bad time defending democracy against charges of selfish materialism. Could Zhukov be right? Are Communists idealistic?

I HAD A VERY TOUGH time trying to defend our position." This confession came not from an immature private, brainwashed in a Korean prison, but from the President of the United States, speaking about a war-time conversation with General Zhukov on Democracy and Communism.

General Zhukov had said that Democracy was materialistic and Communism was idealistic.

Zhukov's argument was stark and simple: Democracy appealed to man's inherent selfishness. It attested its excellence by material prosperity, by bath tubs, telephones and gadgets. It frankly pandered to the individual's own desires, and told him to make these desires the norm of his deeds. It told the individual that he was free to speak as he pleased, to live where he pleased, to choose his government on the basis of his personal advantage. In brief, democracy argued its excellence by the abundance of the things, and the scarcity of obligations. It appealed to "everything that is selfish in man."

Said Zhukov, Communism offered no such tempting rewards. It told the individual that he must rise above selfishness, that he must subordinate his will to the state, that he must be prepared for renunciation, and at all times be expendable for the cause. Communism was not content to force contributions from its followers; it taught its followers to accept and welcome sacrifice.

To Zhukov therefore the issue was clear: Democracy was materialistic; Communism was idealistic. For this reason, he added, Communists "have a hard program to sell".

President Eisenhower said Zhukov CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

Zhukov: "Communists have a hard program to sell the people".

PEACE
Is Not Inevitable

Our sneaking belief that war won't come may be no more than a wish, a hope, and a fear, no more secure than a general's rash decision to push the button.

by Maxwell Cohen

WHILE THE PROBLEMS of World War II seemed, at the time, to be massive and crushing, there was in most minds the belief that one day peace would come and that these immense and turbulent days would pass into history. No matter, therefore, how complex and distant then seemed the solutions, there was the prospect of a "middle" and an "end", just as there had been a "beginning".

But what distinguishes our present confusions and this "time of trouble," from the war itself is the thought that the problems now before us seem to have no beginning, no definable moment of crisis or climax, and no foreseeable conclusion toward which men and states may strive, an end on which all can focus their energies. We have reached, it seems, not merely a stalemate in power as between the great atomic nations but what is more disturbing we have come upon a period when there is a stalemate also in understanding whither we are going, a suspension of historical perspectives, an era of little confidence in the final management of our short destinies.

Strangely, the mutual terror engendered by the prospects of nuclear warfare, while it has tended to make us believe that the United States and the U.S.S.R. fear fission and fusion more than each other, it has not brought us closer to a lasting sense of security. Our sneaking belief that war will not come rests on the assumption that war cannot come because of the dimen-

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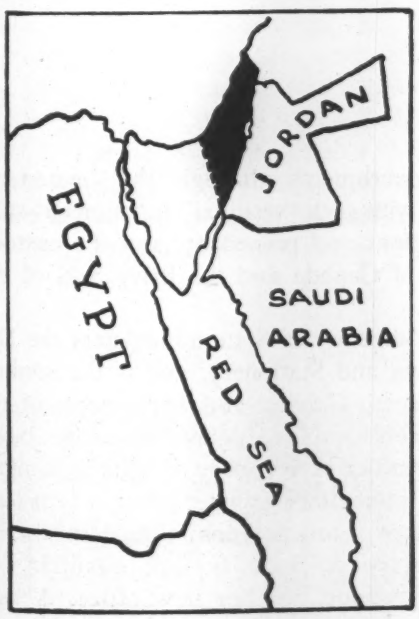
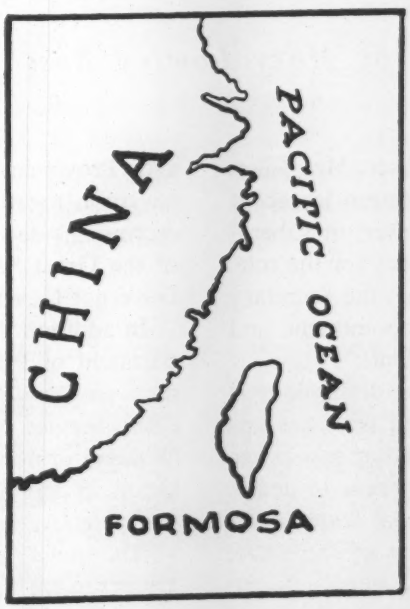
Three Triggers To World War III



A Soviet-backed attack on Israel by Egypt, Syria may involve U.S., Britain.



Communist attempt to end Nationalist reign on Formosa may start world war.

West German attempt at forcible union of Germany could bring in Russia.

When Madame Minister entertains in summer her dog "Omar" comes in for share of attention.

Ellen Fairclough: First Woman In The Cabinet

by Mary Lowrey Ross

AS CANADA'S FIRST woman cabinet minister, Mrs. Ellen Fairclough has attracted a lot of attention in recent weeks, both here and abroad. No one, even in Liberal ranks, questions Mrs. Fairclough's adequacy for the role, but there have been a few to point out that the Secretary of State position is a minor cabinet appointment and hardly adequate to Mrs. Fairclough's talents.

The person least concerned with these discussions is Mrs. Fairclough, who is entirely satisfied with her appointment, and so busy with the duties of her new office that she can hardly find time to discuss them in detail. Instead she refers the inquirer to the annual State Secretary Report, which lists the responsibilities of the office. The list covers an entire closely printed page, and includes such items as patents of invention, trademarks, copyright, government and parliamentary translations, registration of trade unions, communications of Federal and Provincial governments through the lieutenant-governor, together with such "residual" functions as state ceremonial decorations and precedents and the custody of the Great Seal of Canada and the Privy Seal of the Governor-General.

In addition the Secretary of State administers the Department of Printing and Stationery, and is the spokesman, in Privy Council, Cabinet and Parliament, of the Civil Service Commission, a highly articulate body. Whether or not the office of Secretary of State is as significant, in depth, as some other Cabinet posts, it is at least as impressive in range as any position in the Ministry.

The new Secretary of State is well qualified, by temperament and training, for her new office. A fifth generation Canadian, she was born in Hamilton, and educated in Hamilton's primary and secondary schools, where her aptitude in mathematics led, after graduation,

She is a tireless worker, a ready speaker and a quick thinker. She can also be a tenacious crusader.

Back and forth from Ottawa. When an MP is an expert packer travel can be made much more pleasant.

to a course in accountancy. She was married, early, to Gordon Fairclough, a fellow-member in the junior Conservative Club, and owner of a printing establishment in Hamilton. But neither a happy marriage nor the ownership of a flourishing accountancy business could absorb all her energy, which is prodigious.

In 1945, she ran for office in the Hamilton municipal elections, losing by three votes. (At least thirty people telephoned next day to regret that they hadn't got to the polls. "Four was all I needed," she recalls wryly.) The following year she ran again, and was elected. She served five years on the Council, four as Alderman, and one as Controller. In 1951 she won a Federal by-election and went to Ottawa as a Progressive Conservative Member of Parliament. Shortly afterwards, she was made Convenor of the caucus committee on labor, an appointment to which she gave her usual absorbed yet lively attention.

During the recent Cabinet reconstruction there were wide-spread reports that she would be Minister of Labor and her appointment to the office of Secretary of State brought sighs of relief to groups in both labor and management. Mrs. Fairclough comes from a working-class constituency, and her attitude to labor is both sympathetic and unprejudiced. The problems of labor-management are, she feels, so complex and shifting that it is impossible to take a fair final stand in either camp. This judicial attitude is naturally regarded with suspicion by prejudiced people in both management and labor.

She is a tireless worker, a ready speaker, and a quick thinker. She is also an ardent and tenacious crusader. At various times she has campaigned to keep dogs off the streets and juveniles out of bars, to lower the cost of funeral expenses, and to have women admitted to the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

With fellow MPs, Best of Halton, Nesbitt of Oxford.

Mrs. Fairclough and son Howard entertain husband Gordon.

Calcutta Casement

by Catherine Greenwood

WITHIN MY BEDROOM, I can almost believe myself at home in Canada: the same Andrew Malcolm furniture, the same American percale sheets, even my familiar Kenwood blanket which the blessed air-conditioner makes necessary despite an outside temperature of 107°. True, the electric ceiling fans, the bowl of carnations (cost 10 cents), the marble floor and the cream and gold brocade curtains are Oriental touches. Nor would a barefoot white-clad bearer have glided in with Darjeeling tea at seven o'clock of a Montreal morning, before laying out my husband's clothes in the adjacent dressing-room. My daughter would have been scrambling into her clothes herself, instead of stamping her foot at her ayah's slow manoeuvres.

No, the East has pervaded even the early morning atmosphere of our room, but gently. It is not until I switch off the air-conditioner and open my casements that Calcutta makes a full assault upon my senses. The metal-lined shutters which insulate the room have blacked out the light. Now, as they are fastened back, it enters dazzling, almost painful. In it, colours sing: the brilliant flame-red blossoms of a gol-mohur tree, a basket of limes on the head of a coolie, brown and bare to the waist, his ankle-length skirt of green and purple plaid crying out to be made into a sport shirt for a man with a patch on one eye.

In the dark, the odour is mysterious, sinister. By day, the scents are partially accounted for by what the eye can see. That woman in the grubby sari, down below my window, is making cakes. In a pattern, she is spreading out her cakes to bake on the outside of the compound wall. But they are not ordinary cakes. They are cow dung patties which she has fashioned with her hands and they will bake, not in an oven, but in the sun. When dry, she will burn them as fuel in an old pail and use them to cook her midday meal. The rice will be given her by my rich neighbour who seems to be supporting a large family of refugees from Pakistan who live day in, day out, in the street below my windows. There are, among them, several babies with nothing on but a thick rim of eye black, or kohl, which gives them a strangely theatrical look. As soon as they can walk, they get instruction in begging and respectful salaams for charity.

The street vendors are everywhere.

Across the road is an old cemetery full of the bones of English people mostly under thirty and of babies by the dozen who died before the days of wonder drugs and prophylactic shots. Between the graveyard and the street is a stretch of ground where a leper, wordlessly, because only the eyes are intact, holds out a cup for alms. A barber and his customer, who holds the mirror, sit on their hunkers for ages in what looks like an excruciating pose. Next to them is a bootblack with his little box of tricks, cajoling the few pedestrians who are shod, into having their footwear polished. In the graveyard itself, pariah dogs howl at night. By day they claw hungrily through our garbage tin if the human scavengers haven't got there first.

Noises heard when the casements open are as variegated as the smells, and strike strangely on western ears. Howling dogs, squawking crows, are not too odd, nor the whinnying of horses being led back from an early ride. And the moo of a cow being milked in the courtyard, a favorite way of delivering milk here, is only strange because of the urban surroundings. But across the road a donkey, its front legs hobbled together, gives vent to an outlandish bray. Why are it and its foal, being led along our street? I shall never know.

In the road itself, the animal kingdom still seems to dominate in the sound of the taxi horns. The plangent klaxon of Sher-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 39

Calcutta as the casual visitor first sees the city.

A magnificent feat of balance if not of strength.

Inside is a little bit of Canada: when a window is opened all the sounds and sights of India enter.

This merchant boasts 82 years of life.

Wandering barbers are amongst the busiest of tradesmen.

Clothing for sale and youngsters to beg from passersby.

Musicians play for weddings and sometimes even on radio.

Profits and Pitfalls In the Unlisted Market

by R. M. Baiden

If you buy over-the-counter you must be a much more sophisticated investor than the stock exchange patron. You will have to do most of the checking up yourself.

THE UNLISTED MARKET is the most ignored, and potentially the most profitable of the securities markets. It is also the biggest in terms of the number of issues.

Many issues appear first on the unlisted market, then, if the companies concerned seem to be making good, chances are some exchange will grab their stock for listing. Most of the issues are relatively unknown so that you have a good chance of unearthing an under-valued stock. But you have to know what you're doing.

Many unlisted issues are young companies whose greatest growth periods are ahead of them. But this advantage of the unlisted market can also be the main disadvantage.

You may find an undervalued situation with good growth prospects, buy in, and then discover there is no market for your stock if you want to sell. The fact that unlisted issues are relatively unknown can be a disadvantage in this sense.

Markets for unlisted stocks are generally supported by the particular brokerage firm that "buys a piece of the deal". Thus, in the early stages, the price for an unlisted issue may be more artificial than if it were listed where the interplay of supply and demand could be effective.

If you buy on the unlisted market you must be a more sophisticated investor than the stock exchange patron. You have to be able to evaluate a company's manage-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

Growth Records are sometimes staggering. Here are some samples:

- Toronto Brick sold for $5 a share in 1952, the stock was split three-for-one and climbed to a high of $17 in 1955, the equivalent of $51 on the old stock.
- Algoma Central and Hudson Bay Railway has soared from 10 cents a share a few years ago to about $33.
- Colonial Steamships Ltd. climbed from $16 in 1944 to its current $240 bid with no offerings.
- Calgary Power Ltd. jumped from $35 while unlisted to $80 shortly after listing.
- Hudson's Bay Co. was $14 in 1942, was split two-for-one and climbed to $35, the equivalent of $70 on the old stock.
- Northern Telephone Co. climbed from $1.25 in 1953 to $4 after listing.
- Crown Life Insurance Co. traded at $600 in 1954. It was subsequently split 18-for-one and climbed back to $200 — the equivalent of $3600 — and currently trades at about $125.

Puzzler

by J. A. H. Hunter

I SHOULD thank someone for half a letter! That's all there was in the envelope, and the maddening thing is that the vital details of a neat idea must have been on the missing second sheet.

It seems that a large cylindrical drum lay on the floor close in to a high vertical wall, the floor being horizontal of course. A ladder, less than 30 feet long, was propped against the wall over and just touching the side of the drum.

That's as far as the letter went—no name and no address! So we have to fill in the rest ourselves.

The ladder would be at a steeper angle than 45°. And we'll assume that its length, and the distance of the foot of the ladder from the wall, and also the diameter of the drum were all exact numbers of feet — no odd inches.

I get three different lengths for that ladder although the drum would have the same diameter in each case. But what would that diameter be? (56)

Answer on Page 40

Chess

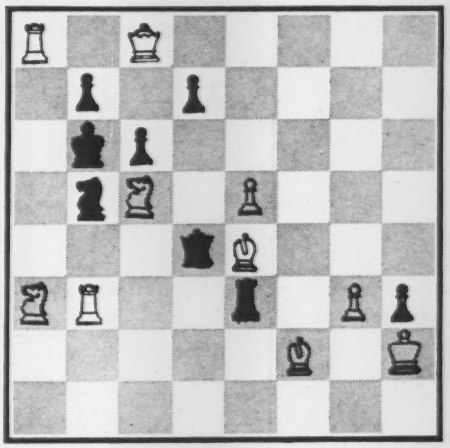
by D. M. LeDain

NEARLY 25,000 books in various languages have been published on chess since the invention of printing. Far more than on any other game. Exploration and advance of theory has formed the main bulk, and as a result a good club player today can probably play as well as, if not better than, the world champions of several centuries ago.

Two recent books by Harvey House, Irvington-on-Hudson, N.Y., that can be recommended are, "Picture Guide to Beginner's Chess" (*I. A. Horowitz, 200 pp., $2.95*) and "The Golden Treasury of Chess" (*Compiled by Horowitz and Associates, 326 pp., photos, $3.95*). In the first, the unique feature is the use of photos of the board and men to explain basic rules. Diagrams are introduced gradually. The second contains a superb selection of 571 master games. No annotations but each game has a pertinent caption and each chapter a survey of the period covered.

Solution of Problem No. 173 (Oehquist) Key, 1.Q-QKt1.

Problem No. 174, by J. H. Bauer. White mates in two. (10+8).



Fish for Them

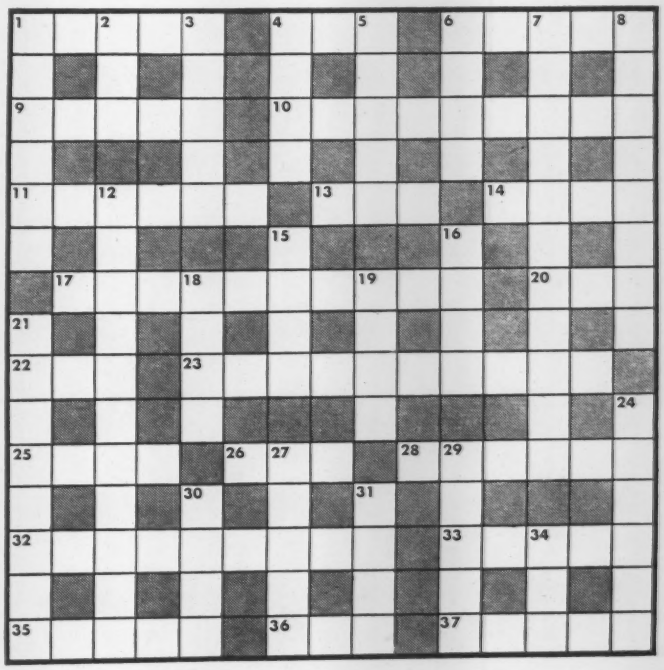
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1 See 37
4, 13. The cry of the catfish, perhaps, gets the bird. (3-3)
6, 35. Oft I sought for this, but never found it. (3, 2, 5)
9 "What the juice is this!" said the 15. (5)
10 Vegetables for a poacher? (9)
11, 14 Boy, dessert looks different — (6, 4)
11, 4D. — when cooked with milk. (6, 4)
13 See 4A.
14 See 11.
17 Daft he wilt become, if not already. (4-6)
20 New York briefly took this game to be quite mad. (3)
22 He made an end of himself. (3)
23 M.C. at a choir get-together is colorless. (10)
25 Fish eggs smell better in this form. (4)
26 See 36.
28 The seal is, strangely enough, leading a dog's life on TV. (6)
32 Love yours? Then why the horse-laugh? (9)
33 It's all in the way you look at these prospects. (5)
35 See 6A.
36, 21. Fish whose scent may be false. (3, 8)
36, 26. Communist decree put into literary form? (6)
37, 15, 6, 1. If you feel this way, you're not necessarily at your last gasp. (4, 1, 4, 3, 2, 5)

DOWN

1 The fisherman's guide takes Whitman on? (6)
2 This boy is a girl (3)
3 Roam the mountains. (5)
4 See 11.
5 Angel fish. (5)
6 Products of good livers and people of refinement. (4)
7 Is it painful to gird them? (11)
8 Where there may be something in store for the disappointed angler. (4, 4)
12 Sealing fish inside is only one job for fishermen. (4-7)
15, 18 Living quarters for 21, for example. (4, 4)
16 Dean of women? (4)
18 See 15.
19 Sound way to go down and to come back. (4)
21 See 36.
24 Where to catch 36, 21? (3, 3)
27 O rich in sound their voices rise. (5)
29 Cause of the chorus in "Il Trovatore" striking — while the iron was hot? (5)
30 That's right! (4)
31 Ill or well, it's brought up. (4)
34 Fancy finding one in a whelk's shell! (3)



Solution to last puzzle

ACROSS

1 Madeira
5 See 9
9, 5. Dancing in the Dark
10 Plain
11 Inept
12 Landowner
13 Another
15 Sheared
17 Mistake
19 Insists
21 Doubled up
23 Hello
24 Ibsen
25 Redundant
26 Artists
27 Shifted

DOWN

1 Madeira
2 Dangerous
3 Idiot
4 Angular
5 Tenants
6 Explorers
7 Again
8 Kindred
14 Headlines
16 Resultant
17 Madeira
18 Endures
19 Impedes
20 Spotted
22 Upset
23 Hanoi (423)

How to see value

Did you ever notice how people shop? Usually they look at an item, then they look at the price tag to see how much they have to pay.

But price tags and outward appearances tell only half the real story of value. Think about the extra value resulting from constant research, fine craftsmanship and quality materials . . . the extra values that add to the real life and usefulness of a product.

It is in providing this extra value that General Motors has gained unrivalled acceptance with millions of Canadians. And this greater acceptance itself leads to still greater value. Because more Canadians want General Motors' many products, GM buys Canadian materials in greater quantities. This means real savings to you right from the start. Then because General Motors

GENERAL

GROWING

in a price tag...

produces more—right here in Canada—these savings are passed on to you in the form of higher quality, *more* for your money.

Next time you look at a price tag on a GM car or Frigidaire appliance, think of the extra value it represents. Value in better materials, finer workmanship and pace-setting design . . . the famous built-in value of every General Motors product.

GENERAL MOTORS OF CANADA
LIMITED
OSHAWA AND WINDSOR

FRIGIDAIRE PRODUCTS OF CANADA
LIMITED
LEASIDE AND SCARBOROUGH

GENERAL MOTORS DIESEL
LIMITED
LONDON

THE McKINNON INDUSTRIES
LIMITED
ST. CATHARINES AND GRANTHAM TWP.

MOTORS

WITH CANADA

PRODUCING MORE AND BETTER THINGS FOR MORE PEOPLE

Burt Lancaster and Tony Curtis: Ice-cream and arsenic.

The Lively Arts

by Mary Lowrey Ross

Graustark Revisited

THE PRINCE AND THE SHOWGIRL is set in 1911, or just about the time when George Barr McCutcheon invented the Kingdom of Graustark. Since that time, it has been presented in hundreds of different versions, without any significant changes. *The Prince and the Showgirl* doesn't offer much variation on the old theme, and even the combined talents of Sir Laurence Olivier, Dame Sybil Thorndyke, and Terence Rattigan, not to mention Marilyn Monroe, can't make it anything but the same cardboard story, filled with major pomp and minor circumstance.

Graustark this time is Carpathia, and Sir Laurence, stiff with protocol and gold lace, is its Prince Regent. Carpathia itself is the traditional powder-keg of the Balkans, and the Regent, even on a state visit to London, can't give much attention to the Coronation of George V, much less to the American chorus girl (Marilyn Monroe) he has invited to midnight supper. Marilyn, however, is able to take this in her stride—or more strictly her famous wriggle—and before things wind up she has straightened him out not only on love but on politics and some of the principles of democracy.

It is a ready-made and not particularly demanding role. But Marilyn Monroe is in pretty demanding company here, with Sir Laurence striding and scowling in high theatrical style, and Dame Sybil as the dowager queen regally tossing away her lines. At the present stage of her career Actress Monroe can't risk any of these recklessly accomplished techniques, and wisely doesn't try. She does, however, give a performance that may come as a surprise to those who assume that the Marilyn Monroe legend is based entirely on her remarkable structure.

The Monroe structure gets plenty of attention from the cameras, but so does the Monroe performance, which is decidedly the best she has given so far. Apparently she has abandoned her earlier habit of moving through her romantic scenes as though she were under heavy sedative. Through most of *The Prince and the Showgirl* she is high-spirited and direct and her admiring "Gosh!" seems to come straight from a simple heart.

Monroe: "Gosh" from a simple heart.

Publicity, especially in the big cities, is just as much a commodity as whiskey or motor tires and *Sweet Smell of Success* explains how it is peddled, exchanged, hi-jacked or arranged for on the long hard payment plan. The centre of this peculiar industry is J. J. Hunseker (Burt Lancaster) who wears a crew haircut and the thick menacing glasses that are usually reserved for the screen's mad scientists or homicidal maniacs. "J. J." runs a syndicated gossip column for sixty million people, and his chief assistant (Tony Curtis) makes it his business to pick odds and ends of gossip, like cigaret butts, from the Broadway gutter. The assistant is described as "The boy with the ice cream face" and "a cookie filled with arsenic" and it is this lyric-colloquial dialogue (by Clifford Odets) that leaves one a little unconvinced by *Sweet Smell of Success*. Obviously, Broadway characters who handle this idiom naturally wouldn't waste their dialogue on each other. They would be busy in Hollywood writing dialogue for pictures about Broadway characters.

The columnist, it seems, has an obsessive interest in his young sister, and when he finds she is planning to marry a guitar-player, he decides to destroy the unfortunate youth, going about it with all the energy and resourcefulness of a Khrushchev devising a press release about Malenkov. His axe-man, anxious to recover his Hunseker rating, gleefully joins in, and before they are through the sister is ready for suicide and the guitar-player is laid up in hospital with multiple fractures. "I don't hate you. I pity you," she tells her obnoxious brother, ending the film, after all, on a note of the crushingly obvious.

The crowd that thronged to see *Island in the Sun* was probably attracted by Harry Belafonte in his first big role. If so, they were almost certainly disappointed. While singing is the Belafonte specialty and acting is not, he is allowed only one big solo number and is required to act through most of the film. For the rest *Island in the Sun* seems to be a rather tentative study in miscegenation.

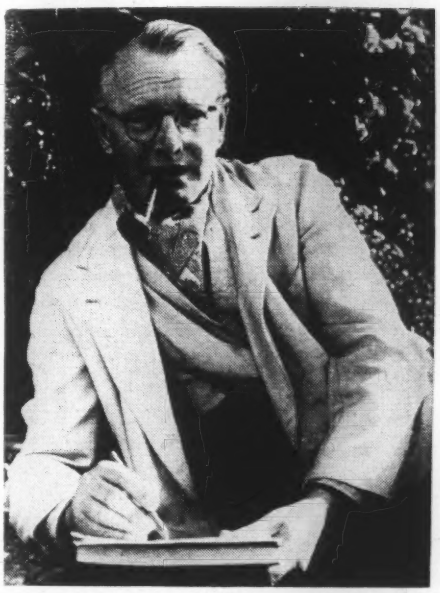
Belafonte, relentlessly pursued by Joan Fontaine, decides to stick to his own race. Joan Collins, after considerable turmoil, is able to establish her white paternity and sail for England with the Governor's son. Dorothy Dandridge captures the Governor's infatuated aide de camp. Total birth score, established or hinted at: one black, one white, one khaki. The film does, however, present some fine tropical scenery and there is an excellent performance by James Mason.

Books

by Arnold Edinborough

Truth and Fiction

The really first-rate writer, whose appeal grows with the passage of time, can make the truth strange and the commonplace wonderful. Here are two good examples.



O'Faolain: Too soft a corner.

THERE ARE TWO obvious ways in which the writer of fiction can impress his readers. Either he can make them say as they read: "How true! Just what I've always thought myself". Or he can make them exclaim: "How strange! If I had not read it, I should never have thought that it could happen."

The really first-rate writer, of course, the writer whose appeal grows with the passage of time, can make his readers say either at the appropriate time. He can make the truth strange and the commonplace wonderful.

The two writers whose books I have been reading this week both achieve this balance, for both are excellent practitioners of their craft. Yet you would go far to find two more superficially dissimilar authors than Sean O'Faolain and Aldous Huxley, both of whom have just published their collected short stories.

Sean O'Faolain is an Irishman whose love of Ireland and its people provides him with his raw material. That beautiful but unhappy land, those lovable but crazy and exasperating people annoy him but he cannot leave them alone. As he says in his brief Foreword: "The last few stories in this book . . . started out to be satirical; they mostly failed dismally to be satirical; largely I presume — I observe it to my dismay and confess it to my shame — because I still have much too soft a corner for the old land . . . Some day I may manage to dislike my countrymen sufficiently to satirize them; but I gravely doubt it, curse them!"

Aldous Huxley is perhaps the most intelligent man to write fiction this century. He draws his material from the cultivated world of art and letters which centres in Chelsea but which radiates outwards to the rich penthouses of Park Lane.

The wealthy lion collector, the bored and amorous lady of riches, the young literati whose taste is in direct ratio to their parents' fortunes, the rootless traveller of café society, those people who, in Eliot's phrase 'read most of the night and go South in the winter', are the central characters in Huxley's stories.

Nor does Huxley have any trouble about being satirical. This is his world, these are the people he knows. But he does not feel that this means he has to like them. His attitude is adequately sketched by a phrase in one of the stories: "I can sympathize with people's pains, but not with their pleasures. There is something curiously boring about somebody else's happiness."

The merit of these two writers lies in their shared ability to take for a short story the kind of incident which is just long enough. For in a short story, the incident must be interesting enough in itself, demanding neither the creation of a full character nor the narration of preceding events. There is not enough room in a short story for either of these.

So Huxley writes a brief account of how "Eupompus gave splendor to Art by Numbers". The bulk of the story is in an old man's after-dinner tale and yet the man, his life, his mind and interests are all alluded to rather than delineated; we see the whole affair in miniature, as one would see the details in a cameo.

Similarly, the discovery of a trout in a well by a young girl gives O'Faolain all he needs to tell about her family and their curiously ambivalent attitude to morality. And the fact that the girl catches the trout in a jug and releases it in a stream gives the story a logical and active ending; it doesn't just stop.

Both writers, too, have the gift of enlarging their stories so that they emerge from their own small context and lead us into the larger issues of life. In this, the legitimate short story differs from the kind of mass-produced romance which passes for a short story in women's magazines. The fiction in these latter jogs along in a well-defined groove. All characters and issues end, where they began, right in the middle of the domesticity, or the courtship which conventionally precedes that domesticity, of the "average woman". The short story in the hand of an O'Faolain or a Huxley is essentially a moral work.

Perhaps the neatest example in either volume is *The Man Who Invented Sin* by O'Faolain. Here we have a gay little piece about a summer school to learn the Irish language. The summer school

Huxley: Pain but not pleasure.

is being held in the hill country and is attended by nuns, brothers and layfolk. A layman tells the story, and tells how all the students would meet in the evening and sing the rousing songs of the old tradition. One gathers that these songs are the one place where Irish can be said to be still a living language.

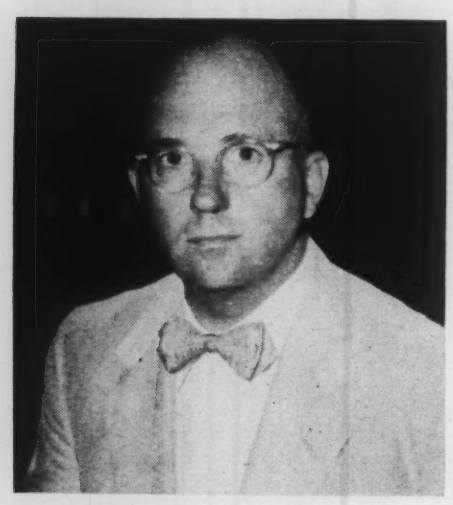
By the Church they are considered immoral. Thus the simple pleasures of the layfolk become mortal sin when indulged in by the churchfolk. It is not what you do which is sinful, says O'Faolain. It is all too clearly what you are when you do it. Sin, in other words, is a matter of conduct, not of absolute morality.

We are left wondering, as O'Faolain concludes his tale, whether the world does indeed go on like this. And we are forced to the conclusion that, begobs, it does.

Huxley puts the same question a little more violently in *The Gioconda Smile!* Here are all the trappings of the usual thriller. Poisoned drink, murder, illegitimate children, and the court-room. But we are not left thinking about the crime so much as the essential sameness between those sinned against and those sinning.

I must not, however, leave readers with the impression that these two collections of short stories are moral tracts which will cause them to meditate on the wrath to come. They are far from that. For again, both writers are aware of the fundamental quality of a story which is to keep one guessing right to the end. Sometimes, in Huxley more than in O'Faolain, the end is quite other than one expected, or, having built up your interest to expect a sensational end, the story seems just to stop. This trick of anti-climax, learned from the Russians, is kept within bounds though, and there are any number of stories in both volumes which have, in a more subtle fashion, the trick ending which O'Henry made so famous.

The overall impression from reading these two collections is of two writers whose style is witty and apt, whose minds are alert and original, and whose ability to tell a story, though greater than most of those who aspire to the form, is the least important of their excellences. Yet you will read on and on once you begin either of these two volumes.



James Michener: The bald account.

H. E. Bates: By masterly ease.

A third book I have read this week is *Rascals in Paradise* by James A. Michener and A. Grove Day. This is a collection of ten accounts of sundry cutthroats and desperadoes who have, at some time or another, plagued the South Seas. They range in subject from Captain Bligh through Samuel Comstock, the New England whaleboat mutineer, to Coxinga, Lord of the Seas, who began life as the offspring of a Chinese pirate and a Japanese prostitute.

But though the characters and incidents in *Rascals in Paradise* are all sensational, these accounts seem pedestrian by the side of the stories of Huxley and O'Faolain. The style is flat, the narrative often discursive.

Rascals in Paradise proves once again that, though truth may be stranger than fiction, a bald account of it can never begin to approach the eternal verities contained in fiction.

The Finest Stories of Sean O'Faolain — *Little, Brown, pp xiii + 385—$5.25.*

Collected Short Stories, by Aldous Huxley *Clarke, Irwin, pp 397 — $4.25.*

Rascals in Paradise, by James A. Michener and A. Grove Day — *Random House, pp. 374 — $5.95.*

Great Anxiety

On the Beach, by Nevil Shute—pp. 320 —*McLeod—$4.50.*

ATOMIC WAR has utterly destroyed life in the Northern Hemisphere; little time remains before the "fall-out" drifts south and wipes out life on Australia, where alone it remains. Commander Towers, an American, and Peter Holmes, an Australian naval officer, are among those who make a final expedition to the U.S.A. where, though the great cities look much as usual from a distance, there is no life whatever. In Australia the population awaits the fatal sickness.

Good theme? Yes, indeed. Good book? No, for we never become convinced of the reality of the characters. It is Mr. Shute's old trouble—excellent plot, but shadowy people. But it will be widely read, and discussed with a seriousness it does not deserve, because it makes expert play with the great Anxiety of our time. Very likely it will make a movie.

B.E.N.

Fiction At Its Best

Death of a Huntsman, by H. E. Bates—pp. 222—*Michael Joseph—$3.*

FOUR SHORT STORIES by H. E. Bates are worth four novels by all but a few other writers of English today, and that is what this book offers. He creates character and atmosphere with an appearance of masterly ease which conceals the most skilled and economical sort of writing. Yet these are truly short stories; the themes are precisely right for the length of their treatment.

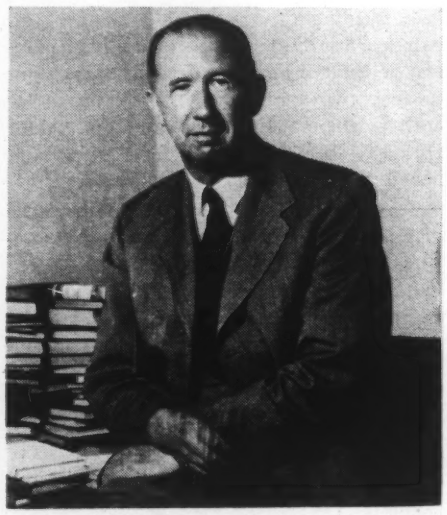
In "The Queen of Spain Fritillary" Mr. Bates shows the ability for impersonation which distinguished the late Joyce Carey, as he tells of a young girl's careless and rather cruel handling of an old man's love. In "Night Run to the West" he gives us adultery as it so often is, laced with self-interest and self-preservation. This is fiction as it appears at its best in our time.

B.E.N.

Another Angry Man

Room at the Top, by John Braine—pp. 256—*McClelland & Stewart—$3.00.*

THIS FIRST NOVEL has caused enough stir in England to see it through four impressions during its first three months. Moreover, critics on the better papers have described the author as really talented, his book as one of this year's finds and have



Nevil Shute: The fatal sickness.

compared his hero with Julien Sorel. Does the book deserve such praise?

The central character, Joe Lamport, is a young man on the make. He wishes to exchange his station in life, in which a man can normally afford a cheap house with a nasty bathroom, a second-hand car at least fifteen years old, and a Grade Nine wife to whom he makes love on Saturday night and Sunday afternoons only, for that enviable station in life which gives a man a mansion with chrome-and-tile bathrooms *and* a swimming pool, both a Bentley and a Jaguar in the garage, holidays on the continent, and a classy Grade One wife so bedworthy that he has little strength left for anything else.

This is a variant of a story as old as the hills, but its present version contains enough enterprise in its social comment to bracket the author as an Angry Young Man. That, so far as this reviewer is concerned, is all this author has yet proved about himself. The book may be a best-seller, probably a movie. M.A.H.

Death of a Hero

The Last Migration, by Vincent Cronin—pp. 343, map—*British Book Service — $3.50.*

THE LAST MIGRATION two years ago of the Falquani, a nomadic people of southern Persia, marked the death throes of Biblical Persia in its unequal struggle with modernity and the West. The hereditary prince of the Falquani, Ghazan, whose father was poisoned by the father of the present Shah, conducted his side of the inevitable battle, which ended in his death, in classical heroic style.

This is no ordinary book. Full of deep poetic truths about the rock bottom differences between east and west, about the qualities of life and death, Vincent Cronin's moving story is one to place on the shelf beside Doughty and Lawrence.

M.A.H.

The Planner

Far, Far the Mountain Peak, by John Masters—pp. 471—*Macmillan—$5.00.*

THIS IS THE seventh in a projected series of thirty-five novels which the author has planned. The foregoing piece of information is of interest because the hero of his latest book is also a long-range planner, Peter Savage, whose career we follow from 1902 to 1922. Savage is a man consumed with ambition; he wants to get to the top—his own phrase—whatever the cost. But when the cost includes death of his greatest friend, and a very bad time in the First World War, Savage loses his ambition, and without it he is nothing.

He is troubled by the notion that those who love him are destroyed by him, and he is only rescued from this ruinous fallacy by his wife's devotion, and by an

From "Renaissance Painting".

opportunity which comes his way to re-establish another perplexed man. The book contains much of the mystique of mountain-climbing, which is Savage's principal pursuit, and it is on undefeated Mount Meru that he learns that victory may lie hidden in defeat. As with all John Masters' novels, this is an admirable example of the story-teller's art. B.E.N.

Style and Passion

Challenge to Venus, by Charles Morgan—pp. 306—*Macmillan $3.00.*

CHARLES MORGAN'S latest novel, *Challenge to Venus,* has a modern Italian setting but is peopled by characters out of a legend. A giant of an Englishman, with a peculiar talent for "going in off the deep end", returns to the Italy of his boyhood and of his war experience and in one blinding moment falls in love with a woman so beautiful that she is like a reincarnation of Psyche. Their attempts to avoid their love, their submission to it and the resolution of the problems that ensue, make an engrossing story.

Mr. Morgan is a first-rate playwright as

Charles I: From the jacket.

well as novelist. He has the dramatist's eye for an effective entrance and he understands the value of putting his people in front of a handsome backdrop. If the legend of Psyche is meant to teach that no one can with impunity rival the gods, then perhaps this explains the problems of present-day Italy, for it is evident on almost every page that for the author, it is Italy, and not Fiametta, who is Psyche. It is a pleasure to read a book where the lovers are consistently articulate rather than the tongue-tied mooners of much recent fiction and where physical passion is treated by a deft and accomplished stylist.

F.A.R.

Background Study

An Introduction to Italian Renaissance Painting, by Cecil Gould — pp. 242 and 260 illustrations—*Phaidon Press—$6.50.*

WHAT, WE CRY, as we pick this one up—another book about Renaissance painting? Yes, and it is not simply the mixture as before; it is an excellent introduction to the subject which puts the great names into perspective among their contemporaries, and presents their works in illustrations which permit comparisons not only with the best, but also the most characteristic, work of their time. Mr. Gould pays more attention to political and social history than many art historians, and offers interesting opinions of this scope. He writes in a plain style, free from critical jargon, and the book as a whole is well up to the high Phaidon standard. S.M.

The Regicides

The Day They Killed the King, by Hugh Ross Williamson—pp. 206 and illustrations—*Saunders—$3.50.*

THE FLAVOR of an historical event is best recaptured from contemporary documents; in this enthralling short book the author attempts to give us the feeling of the last few days of the life of King Charles I. The extraordinary composition of the court which tried him, the lack of legal justification for much that was done, the indecision of some of the chief characters, and the naked malignancy of others, and finally the nobility of the King's last hours are all recaptured from contemporary accounts.

But the book is not a High-Tory "King and Martyr" defence of Charles; the epilogue which describes the treatment of the regicides after the Restoration keeps the balance even. Admirable as he was in many personal respects, Charles as a King was eminently killable; high-minded as were the best of his killers, and courageous in their own deaths, they emerge as unsympathetic zealots. An excellent little book, full of food for thought. S.M.

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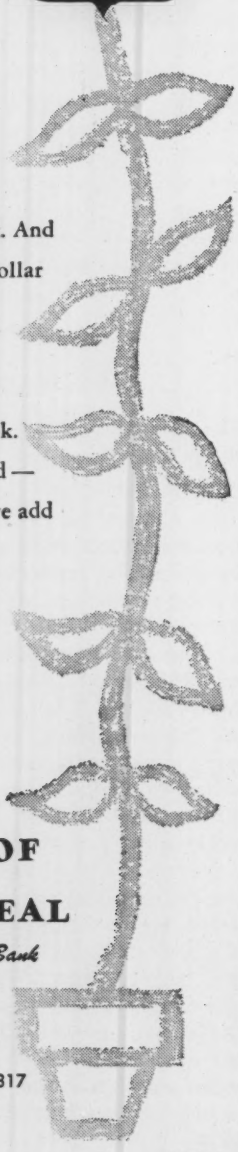

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Gold & Dross

The indifference to uranium—Active mines and exploration—Postponement of interest on coupons—Current lead and zinc prices

Milliken Lake

I should like an opinion on the merits of Milliken Lake 6% bonds as a safe investment.—V. N., Montreal.

In Milliken Lake Uranium Mines Ltd. 6% bonds, the investor has a chance to secure an attractive vehicle for the employment of his capital.

Selling around 90, the bonds bear a 6% coupon and mature Dec. 15, 1962. The yield to maturity is approximately 8.25%, of which the portion represented by the 10-point increment to par would not be subject to income taxation. Income tax is paid only on the coupon of $6 per $100 value. This adds to the bonds' attraction.

The bonds originally carried a bonus of 20 shares of common stock per $500 principal amount but are being traded ex-bonus. In other words, the bond buyer on the secondary market does not get the bonus.

Securing the bonds, which were issued in the sum of $16 million, and $10 million 5 3/4% bonds, is a marketing contract with Eldorado Mining & Refining for sale of 9,143,000 pounds uranium oxide to the value of $94.5 million during the five-year period ending March 31, 1963. Eldorado is the Crown agent for the purchase of uranium oxide.

The mine is located in the Blind River section of Ontario and is being readied for production.

The low price at which uranium-mine bonds are selling in relation to the security they offer, reflects the indifference of investors to the industry. Spokesmen for the nuclear power industry emphasize the remote nature of its prospects for civilian applications.

"High profits and a quick return are not likely to be found in the nuclear power industry," Carroll L. Wilson, former general manager of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, said earlier in the year. He explained that progress would be slow because power plants will be experimental, costly and uneconomic for some time to come. Also their development will be completely dependent on the government.

"The whole advance of nuclear power," he indicated, "depends heavily upon the will of the government. Unless the government will finance the costly prototypes of new power reactors, progress will be slow, for these experiments are too costly for private industry to finance . . . Eventually, the profits will be large, but lean and trying years are likely to come first."

The uncertain nature of the industry's prospects is mentioned to emphasize that a favorable comment on the industry's bonds is not necessarily a blanket one which includes its common stocks or equities.

Dome Mines

What do you think about taking a flier in Dome Mines?—M.C., Hamilton.

It is not the policy of these columns to recommend stocks for quick gains although some recommendations, based on over-all appraisals of situations, have shown fairly rapid and substantial appreciation. The trouble with recommending stocks for short swings is that no one can anticipate how the public — who make prices — will respond to a given set of circumstances. Eventually, of course, values govern prices, regardless of short-term speculative moves.

There are certain attractions about Dome Mines as a speculation although apparently nothing to get particularly enthused about at this time.

Selling around $12.50 a share and paying an indicated 70 cents per year dividends, the stock yields somewhat less than 6%. Stockholders are entitled to a 20% depletion allowance on their dividends.

The company operates a gold mine at Porcupine, Ont. and controls the Campbell Red Lake and Sigma gold mines. Its net earnings in 1956 were $1 a share.

In addition to its gold interests the company is in western oil via 18.3% ownership of Dome Exploration (Western) Ltd. It has also been in base metal development without conspicuous success.

Incorporated under a Canadian charter, Dome is directed in the U.S.A., where the stock has had a large following for several years. Not the least of the attractions attached to it is its status in American security markets as a pivotal Canadian stock.

It is hard to discern special attractions in the situation at this time, although if

the golds improved, it would be right in the forefront of any advance. In the meantime, the stock does not seem to be excessively priced for any one with patience.

In the case of an active mining company, such as Dome, something has to be allowed for the possibilities of outside exploration.

Bond Interest

Is there any income-tax advantage to be obtained by not cashing bond interest cheques or coupons in the year they are received or clipped? I heard of one investor who was letting the interest coupons on a big block of bonds ride indefinitely without being cashed.—J.F., Windsor.

No tax advantage is to be derived from failing to cash a bond-interest cheque when received, in the hope of holding it over to a future tax year when a lower-tax bracket might be enjoyed. Bond interest paid by cheque is considered as having been received when the cheque itself is received.

Some tax advantage may be secured in the case of bond interest paid by coupons. The bond holder can report such income as received in the year in which he cashes the coupons.

Occasionally an investor, whose income has risen to exceptionally high levels in one year—with a consequent increase in his taxation rate—may hold over interest coupons to another year in which he anticipates a lower income and tax rate.

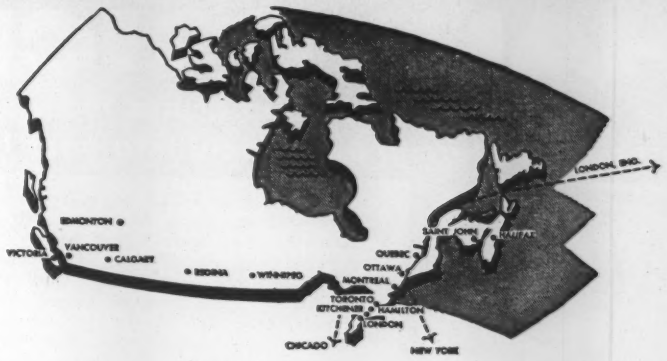
The indicated reduction in his tax rate for the year in which he cashes the coupons would have to be substantial to warrant such a postponement of cash income; and so would the amount of interest involved. It is difficult to imagine circumstances in which the tax saving would not be largely offset by the loss of interest on the cash for a period of a year. And it is almost impossible to think of such a deferring of coupon cashing for two years or more as a sensible procedure, although it has been known.

East Sullivan

Is there anything upon which the shareholder of East Sullivan can base hope? What happened to the August dividend?—N.B., St. Catharines, Ont.

East Sullivan passed its usual August dividend for two reasons. Firstly, profits for the last half of 1957 were expected to decline to $520,000 after taxes but before depreciation against $1,400,000 realized in the like period of 1956. The shrinkage in profits reflects the decline in lead and zinc prices.

Secondly, the company is conserving cash in order to be able to take advantage



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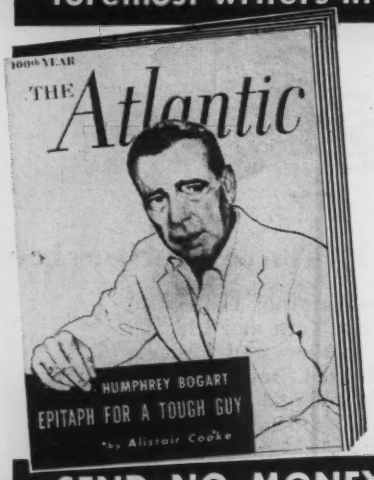

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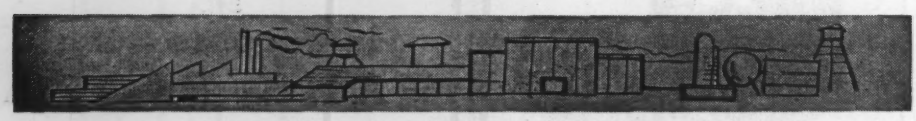

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of any possible opportunity to participate in the proposed lithium refinery of Quebec Lithium Corp., in which it holds a substantial interest. It also has options on several groups of claims in northwestern Quebec for which it is desirable to hold money for development should this be warranted by drilling results.

Now, as to the company's hopes. A good deal of lead and zinc production is uneconomic at current price levels and this type of production can gradually be expected to decrease. This will pave the way for an eventual recovery in prices which will work out to the benefit of those producers who are able to keep operating. But don't look for this to happen next month or even next year.

Something also has to be allowed for the possibilities of Quebec Lithium and, to a lesser extent, for the chances inherent in East Sullivan's outside exploration bets.

Canada Wire

What are the prospects of Canada Wire & Cable Co.?—M.J., Ottawa.

Although Canada Wire's sales established a record in 1956, earnings were down slightly because of an inventory loss caused by the slump in the price of copper. The long-term outlook for the company is good and one could expect its earnings to level out, probably to increase progressively once the price of the red metal is stabilized. Incidentally, no appraisal of a copper converter at this time should neglect the possibility of the metal currently being at or near its low.

The investor regularly reads in the financial news about the vast amounts of money which copper-using utilities are raising for expansion. Sharing in the outlook for these companies is Canada Wire, manufacturer of the cables which carry electric current. It, too, should be able to look forward to expansion.

Canada Wire spent a total of $1,572,000 on plant and equipment in 1956 and invested $742,000 in a subsidiary, Telecables & Wires Ltd., representing a 55% interest. Capital commitments at the year end were $3,840,000.

Operations of the subsidiary resulted in a net loss in 1956 of which the parent company's share was $240,000, which was not provided for in accounting for Canada Wire's income. This was $1,955,489 on a net basis compared with $2,037,019 in the previous year. Net in 1956 was equal to $1.87 a share of new Class B stock, 1,043,870 shares outstanding. Other capitalization consists of a small amount of Class A stock and $1.5 million funded debt. Working capital at the end of 1956 was $11.5 million.

The company's new factory at Fort Garry and that of the adjoining Telecables & Wires Ltd. were opened in October. New Magnet wire division at Sim-

coe, Ont. is expected to be in operation late this year, on transfer from Leaside.

The company has decided to transfer its Vancouver operation to a new site to handle increased business in British Columbia, where utility expansion borders on the sensational. A temporary loan of $5 million was secured from Noranda Mines Ltd. during 1956 to finance expansion.

Orders on hand indicate a high volume of business for 1957.

The company is a subsidiary of Noranda and is considered an important asset by investors who are appraising Noranda.

GSW Preferred

How do you like General Steel Wares 6% preferred in the low 80's?—J.B., Winnipeg.

Higher money rates, along with investors' current leaning to common stocks, have created a number of opportunities for the student of values. Among these opportunities, are GSW 5% preferred, yielding about 6%. Before considering the security of the dividend, note should be taken of the 20% tax deduction to which holders of stocks are entitled. For the investor in an average tax bracket, this is the same as paying no tax at all.

As to the security of the dividend, company's capitalization is $5.5 million funded debt, $4.4 million 6% preferred ($100 par value) and 310,879 shares of common. Net working capital at the end of 1956 exceeded $8 million, or $2.5 million more than funded debt. Net earnings in the year were $1,568,398, of which depreciation absorbed $400,000, bond interest $230,376 and income tax $435,470. This left a net profit of $502,552 applicable to preferred and common. Earnings on the preferred were $11.41 a share and on the common 91 cents a share.

The company, which manufactures a wide range of household utensils and appliances, had sales of $29,680,000 in 1956 versus $27,361,000 the previous year. Sales in the first quarter of 1957 decreased 3.8% but had been exceeded only by sales in the first quarters of 1956 and 1951. The decline in sales was attributed to credit restrictions and the recession in new-home construction.

While it would not be unreasonable to expect that earnings will be down slightly this year, it is apparent that the dividend on the preferred stock will be more than adequately covered.

The company is a merger of such old-established and successful firms as McClary's of London, Ont. and Sheet Metal Products of Toronto, as well as others. It has proven its ability to compete in the tough appliance business and additionally is in those lines required by the increasing number of Canadian hospitals and restaurants.

In Brief

What are the chances of Belcher Mining? — S.T., Regina.

Depend on whether the company can raise the money to get into production.

Is Opemiska expansion likely to be profitable?—L.T., Montreal.

Yes.

How is Quebec Lithium doing?—B.B., Ottawa.

Better.

What is the status of Merrill Island? — M.R., Winnipeg.

Putting more ore in sight.

Any hope for Pamour?—J.B., Edmonton.

Mining operations dubious but investment position interesting.

What's the news on Upper Canada?— B.R., Halifax.

Looking good on the new levels.

Is Duvex operating?—C.S., Owen Sound.

Continues to hold an assortment of mining and oil interests.

How is Kerr-Addison doing?—P.N., Vancouver.

Kerr is still earning its dividend and then some; and standing to benefit from the decline in base metals prices, which should release some workers for the gold mines.

What is the status of Teck-Hughes? — B. O., Toronto.

Continues to pick ore out of its Kirkland Lake property and to prove that a good mine dies hard.

How is the outlook for Belleterre? — H. F., Kingston.

Largely tied to the hope of finding more ore underground accessible to present workings. Likely areas for surface exploration have been fairly well combed over.

What's O'Leary Malartic doing? — C. J., Vancouver.

Still trying to grab the brass ring.

What's the score on North Rankin? — J. G., Hamilton.

North Rankin is stepping up the capacity of its mill and the tempo of its exploration work.

Anything new on Opemiska? — L. S., Ottawa.

Back in black ink following the fire and getting lower costs as a result of rail transportation to the Chibougamau camp. This will be much more economical than truck transportation of the company's concentrates to the smelter at Noranda.

Diversification . . .

Carrying all their eggs in one basket entails a risk which few conservative people are willing to take . . . no matter how strong the basket may appear. It is well to remember that "SOMETHING can happen to ANYTHING." Diversification spreads the risk and is recognized as one of the first principles of sound investment.

Diversification in investment may take many forms . . . diversification as to type of security . . . as to industry . . . as to individual companies within an industry. Diversification between bonds and stocks provides stability on one hand and growth opportunities on the other. Diversification as to industry distributes the risk *and* the opportunity. Diversification as to individual companies within an industry is made with a similar end in view.

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Eisenhower

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

was honestly convinced of the soundness of his case. The president lost nothing of his own belief in democracy; but he was willing to acknowledge the uncomfortable effect of seeing both Democracy and Communism in a new perspective and admitted, "You run against arguments that leave you almost breathless. You don't know how to meet them."

But the President was honest in facing Zhukov's case as it appeared to Zhukov himself. To defeat Communism we must grapple with it as it seems to a communist—not as it seems to a clergyman.

No system of ideas having power to capture multitudes is wholly evil. History has perhaps presented no cause more iniquitous than Naziism. Yet the Nazi movement had elements of good. Indeed, only those elements of good built up the power to do so much evil. So it is with Communism. The late Archbishop Temple said Communism was a Christian heresy —a perversion of Christian good, a black religion. It wages war against Christianity with some of Christianity's own weapons.

Communism is idealistic. Among the masses of Asia and Africa that idealism is a potent attraction. Communism has not been able to bring much material assistance to the poor, the suffering, and the illiterate outside its own borders. Though Communism has brought no gifts, it has seemed to have concern for the defenceless. It has seemed to be on the side of justice. It has seemed to have a gospel for the disinherited. To multitudes of many lands it has appeared with the force of a spiritual awakening. It has had an appeal which 'consumer-goods propaganda' from prosperous nations has found it difficult to counter. One of the elements of Communist power is its capacity to appeal to idealism.

Communism is powerful also because of its capacity to appeal to sacrifice. The true Communist does not calculate how much he is going to profit from his cause. He has a devotion matching that of the monk or the missionary. He is often fanatically loyal, often absolutely selfless. Like the ardent Nazi of two decades ago, he frequently has a devotion to his cause that puts most Christians to shame.

He is a slave so utterly that he has found a master "whose service is perfect freedom". Often he will be a traitor to his native land that he may be a martyr to his adopted creed. We may view his conduct with dismay; but we must acknowledge that his loyalty has an element of the absolute which we would covet for the exponents of democracy.

It is a paradox that Communism — to which spiritual values are illusions, to which man is a material product of a material universe — has so effectively framed its appeal in idealistic terms, while democracy founded on belief in spiritual values has so impotently countered with materialistic promises.

The propaganda of the Western world must sound to the communistic world like the sales promotion of a competitive industry. We point with pride to a manufacturing output that greatly exceeds any other system. We believe we can win over East Germany by washing machines and Volkswagens and Coca-Cola; that we could enlist the enthusiasm of Malay and Africa by perpetual references to the high standard of democratic living. And we have been surprised that our propaganda has not been able to match the propaganda — even though phony — of sympathy, brotherhood, equality of race and color, and the classless society in which even the most backward peoples would take with dignity their place in the sun.

Communistic propaganda has been so astonishingly successful because it has been idealistic; and hence while it has been logically grotesque it has been psychologically adept.

Logically it is absurd to teach, at the same time, that man is a physical part of a physical world in which psychological values are an illusion, and also that he ought to give devotion to a cause, and sacrifice his life for a supreme loyalty.

In curious contrast Communist theory has stoutly denied that man is a spiritual being, but the Communist movement has proceeded to act as though he were; while democratic theory has affirmed that man is a spiritual being but democratic nations have proceeded to act as though they had forgotten their own creed. The democratic nations have acted as though the key to the winning of humanity were an abundant response to physical wants; while the communists have acted as though the key to the winning of humanity were the challenge to a crusade and an invitation to limitless sacrifice.

We need not wonder that General Eisenhower felt uncomfortable as General Zhukov contended that Communism had 'a hard program to sell' while democracy appealed to 'everything that is selfish in man'. He must have known that Zhukov was speaking the truth — not indeed the whole truth but enough of the truth to be disturbing to a leader of the West.

As we remember the President's embarrassment we may be embarrassed ourselves. We may conclude that the cause of democracy would be better served if our leaders placed less emphasis on the statistics of our plenty and more upon the obligations of our privilege. Our statesmen have too seldom reminded us that where much is given much shall be required. We should immensely strengthen our position in the world if political leaders were more demanding of us and less concerned with the gratification of our selfishness.

Who's Who in Business

William Mahoney
Labor Square-Shooter

He has the hard practical approach to bargaining which he thinks is much more important than any re-shaping of the social system.

AS CANADIAN DIRECTOR of the United Steel Workers of America, William Mahoney, a round-faced 40-year-old Welshman tending toward paunchiness, holds a unique position in America's biggest business — he is respected by members and admired by management.

This is probably due to the fact that Mahoney does not presume to be an intellectual or a visionary. His is the hard, practical approach to bargaining in which the overhauling of a job classification system becomes more important than the re-shaping of the social system.

As he sees it, co-operation across the bargaining table is largely a matter of square shooting — from labor leaders and management. If there is proof for this theory, Mahoney himself ranks as Exhibit A. His attitude has brought a co-operative response from management, and he is the first to boast of these accomplishments.

Once, when Mahoney misinterpreted a company statement during negotiations and told union members they had won their point, the company conceded it rather than embarrass him.

The late Lionel Forsyth, who was president of Dominion Steel and Coal Corp., was on the friendliest terms with Mahoney. Before he died, Forsyth made an oral commitment to Mahoney during negotiations. The company honored that understanding after Forsyth's death, and Mahoney lost no time in publicly paying tribute to the company for continuing the labor policies initiated by the company's late president.

Louis Fine, chief conciliation officer for Ontario, who looks at both management and labor from an impartial position, recently had this to say: "When Bill Mahoney gives his word on anything, I'd swear by it."

As a top-ranking labor leader in Canada's largest union, Mahoney is still an unknown quantity. For eight years he had been close to the footstools of power in the union as assistant to Charles Millard, the one-time carpenter who placed his stamp on the 72,000 member steel union. When Millard went to Brussels as director of organization for the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions last year, Mahoney was elected to take over the leadership.

Mahoney in many ways is the antithesis of his predecessor. Unlike Millard, he is a pragmatist, more concerned with the practical effect of a policy than with doctrine. And again, in contrast to Millard, Mahoney has no political ambitions. He has a flair for detail and is happiest at the job of running the union and bargaining with employers — two aspects of union leadership Millard tended to delegate to his lieutenants.

Mahoney is the product of a union background. His father was a steelworker and a union member in Cardiff, Wales. The Mahoney family of five boys and one girl headed for Canada in 1918, before Bill had learned to walk. They finally settled in Sault Ste. Marie. The father died when Bill was six.

Mahoney's formal education stopped after two years at high school, followed by two years at commercial school. At 16, he took a job on a road gang in Northern Ontario, but the next year was back at the Sault working for Algoma Steel Corp. as a checker. Three years later he became an electrician's helper in the maintenance department. An independent union was being formed in the plant and Mahoney joined it.

The plant union was later chartered by the All-Canadian Congress of Labor, and in 1940 affiliated with the CIO Steelworkers Organizing Committee, forerunner of the present union.

Mahoney's executive talents led to his election as secretary-treasurer of the local, and it wasn't long before these talents brought him to the attention of Millard. He was made a staff representative with the responsibility for serving the needs of the local members.

A short time later Mahoney catapulted to prominence in union ranks as the man who played a key role in breaking the Communist stranglehold of British Columbia's largest unions.

When Mahoney returned to Toronto in 1949, he joined Millard as his personal assistant.

Mahoney has no use for the class war concept held by some union leaders. He operates on the principle that labor and management have much to learn from each other. But his rhetoric is often portentous.

"Co-operation is not a matter of sentiment but of economic necessity," he says. "There is a steadily developing evidence of growing maturity in collective bargaining."

The job of a union leader is a demanding one, but Bill and his wife have managed to raise eight children, five boys and three girls.

During leisure hours he works around his eight-room home in the Kingsway section of Toronto, plays with the children and tries "to squeeze out a week of hunting in the fall". He spends a lot of time travelling (in his '55 Oldsmobile) on union business around the city, and he makes at least three cross-country treks each year to visit union headquarters.

Mahoney's wife, Bernice, whom he married in 1936, shares his devotion to the union. As for Mahoney, he sums up his philosophy in these words:

"If I can help in making things easier for my children and the children of other workers, I'll be happy."

Canada's Worst Air Crash

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

"My name is Mullins, of Maritime Central Airways. I'm sorry to be the bearer of bad news for all of you." Some women screamed and in the silence that followed others could be heard sobbing. "The plane you are here to meet has crashed near Quebec City. There are no survivors. We have no further information here yet ourselves at the moment. I deeply regret having had to tell you this."

As the last of the shocked and weeping relatives filed out of the room, Mullins turned to a customs clerk. "What could I do?" he asked. He went back to his office to start a night-long job of phoning next-of-kin.

In Quebec City at 6:10 freelance photographer François Dussault got a telephone tip that the plane was down. He hitched a ride with an ambulance crew and headed for the scene doing 100 miles an hour with the siren screaming.

This is the account he filed to SATURDAY NIGHT:

"There were four of us in the ambulance, three attendants and myself. We were fully equipped for an emergency with stretchers, oxygen tanks and other medical supplies as well as several pairs of rubber boots. As it turned out only the boots proved useful. The ambulance crew had an idea what they would find, having been present at the crash in Sept 9, 1949 of a Canadian Pacific Airlines plane at Sault au Cochon, Que., in which 23 people were killed. I wasn't prepared for what I saw.

"As we neared Laurier Station, Que., we could see two planes circling and we headed for them. A farmer let us pass through his property for about ¾ of a mile. We started through the bush and after a few minutes the growth was so thick we had to crawl on our hands and knees. Twenty minutes later we came on the scene. RCMP officers were there already and three RCAF men who had parachuted in. The mounties were still wearing their scarlet tunics.

"The scene was incredible. It was impossible to realize that this wreckage had once been an aircraft. Suitcases were scattered everywhere, shoes, purses, family photographs, passports, torn pieces of aluminum, the largest eight feet by two feet. I saw a woman's left arm.

"There were five holes in the ground made by the plane's engines and the fuselage. The centre hole must have been about 12 feet deep and filled with greenish water. A piece of the fuselage five feet by five was still smoking. Part of the smashed propellor was leaning against a tree.

"I walked into the woods and found more pieces of metal and pieces of clothing hanging from trees. You could see that most of the plane and probably most of the bodies had been buried in the swamp when the plane hit. There was no sign of the motors.

"By 8:30 the scene was surrounded with staring people. The rescue aircraft dropped nylon cables for the police to use in keeping them back. They stood around shivering, soaked to the waist and barefoot."

"I left at 9:30 with the help of a guide. On the way back to the ambulance I met a man carrying a piece of the fuselage. Another showed me a family picture he had stolen. When we reached the ambulance it had sunk a foot into the mire and a farm tractor had to haul us out. On the way back we found the highways jammed with morbid crowds hurrying to the scene.

"I went back the following day at 6:30 a.m. and a farmer charged me $2.00 to enter his property. Another was charging 25 cents to ride on a tractor platform up to the police barrier. Two brothers of co-pilot Renaud were searching through the wreckage. All they could find was his wallet."

The Department of Transport's public inquiry will take months to report its findings and may never have a clear explanation. Meantime, Maritime Central Airways and Capt. Ramsay's reputation will bear the brunt of speculation, expert guessing and uninformed gossip.

Ramsay had little in his life but flying. He was a hard man to know. At first meeting he seemed severe and taciturn but the men who flew with him admired him. They said, "Ramsay's a good head." One pilot said, "When he's working he's strictly business. When he's not working he enjoys himself with the gang."

Many fellow-airmen felt he was ambitious and had his eye on an executive job with MCA. "He works hard himself," a stewardess said, "and expects everybody else to do the same—even if you have to look for something to do."

When he had a lay-over, Ramsay liked to keep tabs on his crew, making sure they were back at the airport well before scheduled take-off time.

Born in England, he lived in Montreal but called Vancouver home. He flew with TCA until 1954, had 95 Atlantic crossings and logged more than a million air miles. In December, 1954, he crash-landed a TCA Super Constellation at Brampton near Toronto with 23 passengers aboard. All passengers escaped and Ramsay, his skull fractured, went back into the burning plane to pull out two trapped crew members. A Board of Transport inquiry ruled Ramsay negligent and suspended his licence for six months. Members of parliament and fellow pilots protested Ramsay had been overworked and was overtired. He got his licence back in June, 1955 and joined MCA flying freight to the DEW line. Later he went to MCA's transatlantic charter runs.

C. F. Burke, vice-president and managing director of MCA, said Ramsay was "a great pilot."

Burke started his air line in the Maritimes on Pearl Harbor day, Dec. 7, 1941. It got its biggest boost in January, 1955 when MCA was awarded the prime contract for airlifting supplies and equipment for the eastern part of the DEW line from Mont Joli, Que., to Frobisher in Baffinland. This business has tapered off with the completion of the line and MCA's northern flights are now flying in packages of food, clothing and light equipment.

MCA started its transatlantic charter run in 1955, flying organized groups of vacationers to Britain. His business got another lift with a government contract to fly in Hungarian refugees, following the Budapest revolt.

MCA operated 21 aircraft, including five DC-4's, and flew 36,128,087 passenger miles in 1956 and 12,106,697 cargo-ton miles. The company had an average of 462 employees with a payroll of $2,-486,921. Gross revenue for 1956 was $10,-041,153, an increase of 42 per cent over 1955.

Transatlantic flights are in charge of J. D. ("Joe") O'Neill, MCA's international traffic manager.

"This was a major disaster," Burke said. "There's no changing that. But almost as many people are killed every week-end on highways and drowning accidents. Of course, there is not the news interest in a drowning or a single traffic fatality. This is what hurts aviation more than anything else.

"In a charter business that has a four-month season a crash like this could write off the whole four months. People have a tendency to criticize companies operating charters. You hear stories that they're flying second-rate aircraft manned by second-rate crews. That just isn't so. Charter air services are the most strictly regulated in this country. We have two police forces. One is the Department of Transport. If our aircraft and our crews don't meet DoT requirements, we just don't fly. Another is the competition from other charter services and scheduled lines. We have to provide service that is as good or better or we don't stay in business."

One indication that MCA was likely to stay in business was the arrival at Malton, two days after the tragedy, of a second DC-4, bringing from Britain other members of the same veterans' organization, many of whom had lost friends and relatives in Canada's worst air crash.

Insurance

by William Sclater

Passenger Hazard

Writing in the Aug. 3rd issue of SATURDAY NIGHT *you advised an Ontario enquirer about passenger hazard in autos. Is it any different in other provinces?—E. L., Montreal.*

Yes! While non-paying passengers have no right of action against the motorist in Ontario, the same passenger does have right of action in Quebec under the law there. In all the other "Common Law" provinces the motorist is liable for injuries sustained by non-paying passengers through any gross negligence on his part. Ontario motorists should have the Passenger Hazard protection while driving outside Ontario.

Company Standing

My fire and casualty insurance agent has recommended an auto policy with the Dominion of Canada General Insurance Company. Is this a good company for automobile insurance?—A. H., Stratford, Ont.

The Dominion of Canada General Insurance Company was founded back in 1887. According to the Blue Book for 1955 the fire and casualty branch has gross assets of $9,269,036 and a surplus of $2,496,459. Net premiums written for all classes of fire and casualty insurance business in all countries is $5,239,567 for this company. The Dominion of Canada General sells many kinds of insurance coverages, including life. It enjoys an excellent reputation for good automobile underwriting. Net auto premiums earned last year amounted to $4,430,839.00. It is a thoroughly reliable company and, as you can see, does a large volume of business in the auto insurance field.

Auto Trailers

I heard there was a recent change or amendment in connection with automobile insurance where trailers are concerned. Do you know anything about this?—A. M., Kirkland Lake.

Don't know of any that would affect your policy if your trailer is covered. What you may have heard about is the revision of Statutory Condition 4 of the Automobile insurance part of the Insurance Act. This was repealed by all provinces and a revision made to bring the wording into line to omit any reference to a trailer "hired" by the insured. Trailers must be covered and so must the automobile towing them. This was passed subject to proclamation by all provinces (except Quebec) and all of them, except Alberta and New Brunswick, have proclaimed the amendment to be in effect July 1, 1957. Alberta is expected to bring it into effect at the next session of the Legislature and New Brunswick will probably proclaim it in October this year. Check with your agent.

The Empty House

I have to leave my house unoccupied at times while I am away on vacation or on business trips accompanied by my wife. I have burglary insurance but are there any other precautions I can take.—P.E., Winnipeg.

Quite a few. Have secure locks on all exterior doors and make sure they are locked when you leave. Secure basement windows properly. Don't leave notes in empty milk bottles to stop milk delivery, or in letterbox to stop newspaper delivery. Don't leave key under mat for unexpected guests or visiting friends. Best of all have a neighbor pick up your mail each day and hold it for you, as well as keep an eye on the place.

By doing these things you at least avoid advertising to all prowling burglars that the premises are untenanted. Check with your agent and make sure your policy is adequate also. These are days of high replacement costs and many of us do not know how rich we are until we try to replace something.

Nuclear Damage

How is property going to be protected against nuclear damage? Are the insurance underwriters doing anything about this? What about liability? — A.M., Kingston, Ont.

The Nuclear Energy Property Insurance Association, a voluntary, non-profit group of insurers (capital stock companies) has been set up as an underwriting and advisory organization through which Member Companies may provide protection. Insurance, including coverage against radioactive contamination is available in a form to meet all the property damage insurance requirements of the industry and separate fire and extended coverage, boiler and machinery, and inland marine transportation policies may be eliminated. The objective of the Association is to provide enough capacity to insure any nuclear reactor commercial plant now planned and tentative commitments indicate a capacity in excess of $50 million for each installation.

Liability coverage is something else again. While the amount of property insurance required can be readily established by the value of the property, the amount of liability insurance needed is solely a matter of judgment, as C. J. Haugh, Vice President of the Travelers Insurance Company told the Insurance Institute of Montreal recently.

He said that capital stock companies in the U.S. were also forming a liability insurance syndicate with an ultimate capacity of $50 million and in addition to the two $50 million syndicates of the capital stock companies there was also a $15 million additional facility organized by the mutual insurance companies. Liability insurance for nuclear energy hazards will be written through these pools. Policy drafting, rating procedure and probable costs are still being worked out.

Trip Insurance

I am going on a motor trip for three weeks and would like to have some kind of accident policy to cover me. What do you recommend? — Mrs. E.K., Calgary, Alta.

Trip insurance would meet your need. It is operative on a continuous round-the-clock basis for the duration of your trip. It includes a principal sum payable in the event of loss of life or limb and injury expense for payment of physician, surgeon, hospital and nurse, etc., as well as compensation for permanent disablement as the result of accident. It includes an additional 24 hours time allowance in case a common carrier in which the insured is a passenger is delayed by circumstances beyond his control. An auto ferry for example might be held up by fog.

These trip policies are priced in accordance with the principal sum and injury expense sum. A principal sum of $5,000 plus $500 injury expense would rate a premium of $4.10 for 21 days. For bigger amounts, like $25,000 principal sum and $2,500 expense, the premium would be $20.10 approximately.

We would suggest you look into coverage on an annual basis against travel accident. This is available for anyone from 25 to 70 for some very good coverage policies. Discuss this with your own local fire and casualty insurance agent. He will have placement facilities with many companies in this field.

Fairclough

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

Civil Service commission. Her crusade for equal-pay-for-equal-work was carried on so insistently that one member of the government characterized her indignantly as a nagger. This type of masculine reproach doesn't intimidate Mrs. Fairclough. She continued her crusade, and when the Minister of Labor asked why the National Council of Women didn't consider the matter sufficiently important for its endorsation, she was able, next day, to produce a delegation of three from the Council, one of them the minister's own wife. Eventually she succeeded in having the bill passed.

Experience has proved that the equal-pay-for-equal-work, has little effect in equalizing either pay or work, since a resourceful employer can always introduce technical inequalities that will make the law inapplicable. Mrs. Fairclough recognizes this, but feels the bill had protest value. If it doesn't put equal pay in the feminine pocket, it at least establishes legally a sound feminist principle.

Where there is a noticeable element of sex-chauvinism in Mrs. Fairclough's political activities, there is no suggestion of old-fashioned feminism in her manner or appearance. Like her equal-pay-for-equal-work bill, her feminism is a matter of principle rather than practice. She is liked and admired by her male colleagues and her appointment to the cabinet was a popular one in a predominantly masculine world. A slender attractive woman in her early fifties, she dresses, most of the time in femininely conservative clothes, but likes, on occasion, to indulge in more arresting styles. (When she turned up at a United Nations meeting in a vivid red suit she drew the admiring attention of the Soviet's Andrei Vishinsky. "That's my speed," was the beaming comment of Mr. Vishinsky, who liked practising the American idiom, and had a deviationist eye for the well-dressed Western woman.)

Mrs. Fairclough would be the first to admit that she owes some measure of her success to loyal and enthusiastic masculine support. Her most ardent sponsors, in fact, are her son Howard, and her husband Gordon Fairclough. Both have always worked hard for her election, and both were happily on hand in the gallery when she made her first appearance in the house. During the recent election she had four political headquarters—Ottawa, her Hamilton home, her accountancy agency, and her husband's printing establishment. The telephone rang constantly in all four, and still does. Recently she and Mr. Fairclough have been commuting between Hamilton and Ottawa, substituting business for political pressure, and vice versa, on alternate weekends. She plans however to sell the accounting agency and devote all her time to her work in Ottawa. "It is possible to carry on private business as a member of Parliament, but a cabinet post is a full-time job," she said.

The Fairclough marriage, fortunately, is one of those rare working partnerships which permit each partner to regard with respect and the necessary humor the responsibilities of the other. In Hamilton, Ellen Fairclough enjoys settling down to a weekend of cooking and entertaining—she is an excellent cook. In Ottawa Gordon Fairclough is affably resigned to a category which places him among the wives of the members of parliament, and continues to be amused by invitations which suggest that the occasion calls for a cocktail frock and hat.

Had she been as surprised as everyone else at the Progressive-Conservative victory? She shook her head. "I was fully prepared for a return of at least a hundred Conservative seats," she said. Long experience in politics has sharpened a perceptiveness that is part political intuition, part an ear-to-the-ground awareness that can catch anything from a grass-roots stirring to the rumble of a landslide. "No, I can't honestly say I was surprised."

She would offer no predictions as to the future of either the Liberal or the Conservative party. She has learned that for men and woman politicians there is still a double standard of publicity. "If a male member of Parliament says anything foolish it is forgotten by the next day," she said sadly, "but if a woman does it it is repeated endlessly, right across the country."

The Unlisted Market

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

ment, financial structure and prospects. And most important, you must be sure you're dealing with a reliable investment house in order to be reasonably sure the market is "honest" and to get accurate information about the stock and the company involved. Since no listing prospectus is required you have to do a good deal of checking yourself.

But why is there an unlisted market? Why not just list all publicly offered issues and be done with it?

The answer, mainly, is seasoning. A young little-known company, with a modest operation is not apt to be of much speculative or investment interest and, most important, what stock is issued is apt to be held among a relatively few people.

Its financing needs are modest so its share offerings are apt to be light. This means stock distribution will be small. The market in issued stock can easily be handled by the brokerage firm that underwrites or buys into the issue.

As the company grows, however, and its share distribution increases, the market for the stock may get beyond the ability of any one house. When this point is reached, the stock may become eligible for listing. One of the main requirements for listing on an exchange is widespread stock distribution.

How do you find out what unlisted stocks are available? Primarily from a broker, but also from newspaper financial pages. Usually, bid-and-asked prices of the more active unlisted issues are published by one or a group of brokerage firms.

The diversity of companies whose stock is available on the unlisted market is surprising. In addition to such oddities as cemetery companies, you can buy stock in such diverse industrial enterprises as carpet companies, insurance firms, apartment buildings, elevator companies, hotels, retail stores, fuel companies and gas and oil pipelines.

Brokers say the person who plays the unlisted markets gets an education in a hurry. If this is true—and it is—in the unlisted industrial market, it's true in spades in the unlisted mining market.

The reason is this: The unlisted mining market is the promoter's playground. Because of the generally thin market in any unlisted issue he can move a penny stock up and down like a kangaroo on a pogo stick with a minimum capital outlay. When the eager speculator sees this he sees a good opportunity to trade the market. What he doesn't—and can't—see is how much stock is changing hands during the moves. This is because for unlisted issues there is no mechanism to keep track of trading volumes as is provided by an exchange. What happens, of course, is that the eager speculator may very well find himself holding a bag of 25 cent stock when nobody wants it for more than a nickel. Price moves by themselves are not necessarily significant.

Because there is no way of keeping track of trading volumes it is often difficult to estimate what demand exists for any particular issue, that is, what the market will absorb.

Brokers tell this story:

Our hero had 25,000 shares of a two-bit unlisted stock he wanted to dump so he dropped in to see Broker A. Broker A was sympathetic but said the market could only stand 5,000. So our hero tried broker B. Same story. Same story also with brokers C, D and E. But our hero was naive. He simply decided to leave 5,000 shares with each of the five brokers.

Defence

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

than it is now.

What is very dangerous is the assumption, so widely held, that the next war, if it comes, is certain to be a nuclear war, and that we can substitute one or other form of the nuclear deterrent for all other forms of armed force. That is what the Western Powers are now doing, and in our increasing dependence on nuclear weapons we are rapidly reaching a point of no strategic return to anything else.

Yet there is a curious paradox, or contradiction, in our attitude to nuclear strategy. Even as I write, President Eisenhower keeps iterating that "We must free the world of the fear of atomic war", and Dulles has just made another dart over to London and back, trying to save the disarmament meetings from collapse in the matter of agreement on nuclear inspections.

At the same time, the American armed forces are testing nuclear bombs and rockets like firecrackers, and can now scarcely conduct a dog fight without them. The British are scrapping ancient regiments in favor of nuclear missiles, and various Canadian editors are demanding that the new government do something along the same line.

I submit my own opinion that, if we get to the point where all our efforts are in support of a nuclear strategy made in Washington, we shall be permanently reduced, as we were in the Hungarian affair, to merely expressing our moral indignation whenever the Russian turns his infantry, or his tanks, loose in a new place.

We face a nuclear stalemate, and cannot move into a nuclear war without moving into our own destruction, and the Russians know this. We are assuming a strategic posture where we will face the loss of every battle, or the horror of seeing our own side begin a suicidal atomic war. There are already large parts of this world that are just about as scared of the U.S. Strategic Air Force, and its "H" bombs, as they are of the Russians.

Next, parliament might well study the control mechanisms of the defence department, and of the armed forces.

Superimposed on the Forces' Headquarters is a gigantic civil service, headed by a deputy minister, with associates and assistants galore. This duplicates, hampers and delays the work of the military headquarters. Ten years ago it was described by Mr. Pearkes in parliament as a "jungle" or "labyrinth", and it is much bigger now. Try to enter defence headquarters near the closing hour, and you will be swept back in the stampede of civil servants.

Why do we need a deputy minister of national defence at all? In every other department the deputy minister is the permanent, professional adviser of his minister. In defence, the professional advisers are the military chiefs of staff, from whose advice policy is decided, and expenditures flow.

There just is no place for a deputy minister in the same role as in other departments. He remains there through the inertia of tradition. He and his enormous staffs should be dispensed with, and replaced by a Financial Superintendent, or perpetual auditor.

Turning to the control of the Services, we have the anomalous office of the Chairman, Chiefs of Staff. This curious appointment was invented in Washington, and works no better there than here.

As originally designed to work, the office of the chairman, chiefs of staff, is unworkable. In practice he must either function as a super chief of staff, or become a nonentity. If he adopts the former role he is in the happy position of being able to deny responsibility, if his policies fail. I will defy anybody to interpret the Section of the Defence Act that purports to define his responsibility.

To do any real good, unification must start at the top. Our clumsy, six-man chiefs-of-staff committee, of which half the members are not chiefs of staff, should be abolished. We should appoint a single chief of staff, and the existing triple staffs should be merged to serve him. No loss of Service identity, dignity, or tradition is involved.

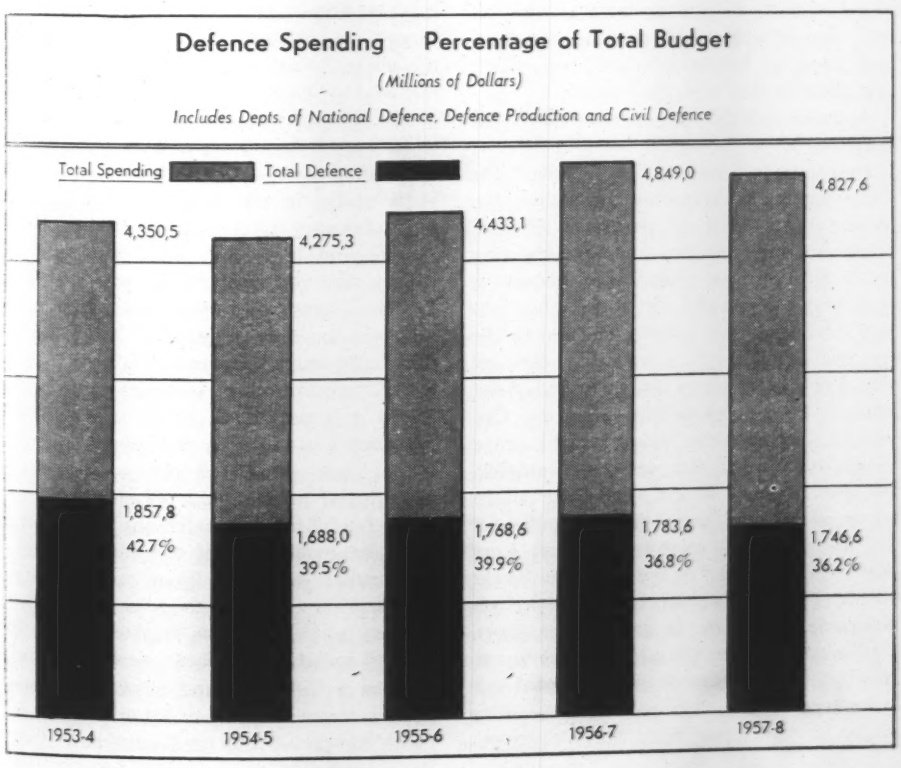
Of the Services, the first that needs drastic attention is the army. After spending billions on defence we are left with an army that simply is not ready for war.

The regular army is under strength, despite the shocking disbandment of two infantry battalions last winter. When called to produce a single battalion for Egypt last year, the army used two to form it, leaving the second one in chaos.

At that, when the Queen's Own Rifles set out for Egypt it had in its ranks nearly 200 18-year-old boys. Not so hot, for a country of sixteen million. Yet many continue to babble that we have too much infantry.

The reserve the regular army tried to form, failed for lack of entrants, and was abolished. The regular army has no reserve of trained men whatsoever.

As for the once proud Militia, its strength is lower than in 1939. The Lib-



Defence Department civilian employees as of March 31 each year:

1948	20,321	1953	44,762
1949	20,817	1954	51,004
1950	23,329	1955	55,229
1951	29,762	1956	54,916
1952	39,899	1957	54,953

Note: these include "casuals" and part-time workers, but most are on regular establishment. Casuals totalled approx. 5,200 in 1955, 4,700 in 1956.

eral government's dying reference to it assigned it the role of providing "a partially trained force as a nucleus of units which may be required on mobilization", and of helping in civil defence. It could hardly sink lower in the scale of military values.

Since World War II the equipment of the navy and the air force has been transformed. The army has been left muddling along on the 1945-model chassis, with a few shiny new accessories tacked on for looks.

We still keep a parachute brigade, though a parachute is an incredibly awkward, inefficient and obsolete method of getting a soldier into battle. The RCAF has never (no never) had the aircraft to lift this brigade with equipment.

What the army wants, among many things, is its own aerial transport, able to get off from, and on to, something a whole lot smaller and simpler than a two-mile concrete runway; something like a pasture field. It wants these aircraft under its own control, just as it has its motor trucks.

In a dozen years the late government did absolutely nothing to make our army airborne in this air age. It does not own a helicopter to lift its wounded off a battlefield. In Canada, oil magnates and moosehunters fly their own aircraft, but soldiers can't even borrow any.

In respect of the naval aspects of our defence, William Sclater's recent article in SATURDAY NIGHT discussed our weakness in the naval air arm. I would add that it is astounding that we have let our merchant marine perish. This dangerous defence gap could be filled by a subsidy of one per cent of our defence expenditure.

Finally, the government might look grimly and critically at the staggering sums their predecessors spent on arming and rearming the RCAF.

Over three hundred millions were invested in the mere development charges of the CF 100, and of the CF 105 which has yet to fly. In the last three fiscal years nearly nine hundred millions went for aircraft and engines.

The reasons behind a lot of this tremendous layout are obscure. For instance, in 1953 Mr. Claxton, then Minister, stated categorically in parliament that the Sabre aircraft, while unquestionably best of its type in the world, is useless for the direct defence of Canada. He was very specific, saying that if Sabres were used in Canada they would suffer heavy losses in operations, and he gave the reasons.

He then emphasized that the CF 100 was specifically designed for use in Canada, being the only aircraft so designed.

So the CF 100 went into operation in Canada, and Sabres went to Europe, where they were later given Orenda engines at great cost.

Reserve Army (now Militia) strength as of March 31:

1948	33,591	1953	47,287
1949	36,311	1954	46,506
1950	43,047	1955	46,037
1951	46,456	1956	43,971
1952	46,936	1957	40,845

In 1957, we see our air division in Europe being rearmed with the CF 100, and the Sabres, best in the world for Europe, according to Mr. Claxton, are being brought back home to Canada where he said they were useless, and are being issued to reserve squadrons.

This rearmament is costing an astronomical sum; possibly two to three hundred millions. Its purpose has never been explained, and I am bold enough to doubt if it has increased the battle strength of the RCAF either here or abroad.

Was it done because of overproduction of aircraft at half a million or more apiece? We should know. If it is just to maintain the aircraft industry there should be cheaper ways to do it. It looks all too like the type of transaction, masquerading as "defence", that we used to call "milking the army cow". The air force cow costs even more to milk.

A nation claiming sovereignty must consider its defence policy dispassionately and objectively. For forty years large sections in Canada have defied that principle, and have made defence the most controversial element in our domestic politics.

We are paying the price, in that we have already lost nearly every vestige of sovereign power, or initiative, to formulate our own strategy. We meekly accept a larger measure of dictation in defence from Washington than we took from London these past hundred years.

This is not all due to the inexorable pressures of geography, as some claim. To a large extent we let it happen in our frantic search for a defence based on machines, and not on men. The Conservative government should contemplate what a continuation of the trend may do to our independence.

Peace is Not Inevitable

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sions of potential loss to all parties. The inevitability of peace thus rests upon a wish and a hope and a fear and all of it may only be as secure as that last rash calculation that may lead some statesman or general to push the button first. And if this is all there is to the certainty that peace is with us for as long as we can tell, then it may be wise to have a hard long look at the foundation upon which rest these hopes and their perils.

A major difficulty in any analysis is the question as to how long should be our perspectives in time and space. Indeed, the more heightened our view the greater the danger of a kind of pervasive nihilism contaminating thought and immobilizing it. If the present moment in history is reckoned geologically, or if this planet itself is viewed as a fleeting incident in the passage of light years in space, then all the fret and concern of men and states seem a little precious and overdone. One cannot help but be struck at this great contrast between the apparent complexity and urgency of the immediate affairs of mankind and their paltry significance in the light of eternity. Yet, as Lord Keynes once said, "in the long run we are all dead" and if we are to make our lives tolerable, alone or in groups, the short-run must be given the priority it deserves. We can live as nature's most rational creation or we can drift as a species idling away its epoch. In fact, however, man's nature seems to urge societies on towards solutions of great problems, both as an exercise in thought and as an expression of the urge to survival. For all of these reasons, the dilemmas of our day deserve the best brains and spirits of mankind.

Viewed in its most manageable proportions, and as inclusively as possible, it may be argued that the crisis of mankind before us reflects the "adjustments" of the emancipated races and populations in the Middle East, Asia and Africa to the declining supremacy of the western white world, its culture and its techniques. In a curious way the U.S.S.R. is a perverse bridge in this new construct of our intra-planetary relations. For Russia, both Asiatic and backward, with historic European ties and projections, was the first to seize upon social techniques that rapidly and brutally tended to bring about this "adjustment", by industrialization and by the acquisition of great physical power. In a sense, the U.S.S.R. is a symbol of much that disturbs the modern world, for it has illustrated that a backward agricultural people only decades removed from feudalism can catch up in a hurry with the techniques of the most advanced western societies. Even more, it has revealed its capacity to acquire superior military power that can frighten the most technologically advanced western states.

If as a Canadian and a westerner one applies this spectacle of Russian development to, say, China and southeast Asia

and perhaps even India, the whole balance, political and social, on this planet begins to change. Indeed, we have not really begun to consider the full implication of an industrialized China, plus a highly skilled Japan and a growingly efficient Indonesia, India and Pakistan. Luck has been with us, so far, in some of these developments. China, for the moment, is so heavily preoccupied with her own problems that she poses no immediate threat to our military position or our economic resources in the Far East. India has gone the social democratic way, thanks to generations of British rule to begin with, to a wise management of her succession to independence as well as to the crucial role of an anti-Communist leadership by Ghandi and Nehru. But as Indonesia and Sukarno have shown, the temptations to jettison popular institutions is very great where parties and politics seem to confuse the newly enfranchised masses and delay the achievement of rapid economic improvement.

We may conclude, therefore, that the most profound of all the concerns of social man today is the adjustment of white and west with their resources and skills, their politics and their culture, to Asia and to Africa. For here the range of emerging social groupings runs the whole spectrum from stone-age tribal life in Africa to the advanced technical achievement of modern Japan.

Viewed in this light, the traditional description of our problems in the Afro-Asian world as a race between Communist and western influences, is not entirely satisfactory. Indeed, the western influence already is there and deeply felt. The Communist technique may be regarded as a western heresy and perversion and the choices before the people of the Afro-Asian world deflect a whole range of possibilities where orthodox communist ideology may be merely a declining significant option. What the west has to fear, therefore, is not that Soviet model parties and governments will emerge, but that somehow choices will be made from existing patterns in the west or in the U.S.S.R. which are, in fact, not suitable for their selectors and that delay the achievement of the very goals of solid independence and improved living standards to which all these peoples now give the highest priority.

Meanwhile, despite this long-term massive mutual adjustment of the non-white peoples to the white and the west, that part of the white world which is Russian and Russian-led totters with the west at the brink of catastrophe should a wrong calculation be made and some great risk taken. Such a collision might happen, for example, if both sides were to mismanage their policies in the Middle East today or with respect to Formosa and Mainland China tomorrow. For if the Russians were to insist upon equality of influence in the Middle East, to say nothing of supremacy, they might venture for example, to back Egypt and Syria against Israel and hope that there would be important indirect benefits to Russian authority in the area. They might mistakenly assume, that the United States and Great Britain would stand idly by and allow a major Egyptian-Syrian attack on Israel with the prospect of a longish local war at the very least, or the possibility of Israel's destruction at the worst. Conversely, a clearly Sovietized Syrian government, even though achieved by the mechanism of purely internal Syrian politics, might tempt the Americans to encourage Iraq and Turkey to do something about it, either openly or subversively. This, too, might offer strong provocation to the Russians, if the destruction of such a Syrian regime were about to be achieved with United States' support.

Similarly, the determination of the U.S.S.R. and Mainland China to terminate the Nationalist regime in Formosa, might take the form either of subversion—which must be going on now all the time anyway—or stepping up the pressure on the offshore islands of Quemoy and Matsu, with the intention of provoking either the Americans or the Formosans to some unwise act. Here too, the step from local bloodletting to a global drenching may not be too great, for we only escaped that terrible prospect in Korea because the Russians were not ready or did not care enough or for any number of other reasons that led them to counsel the armistice.

The third place of major vulnerability to which peace today is subject is Germany. Any forceful act by West Germans to seek unification would be bound to provoke an East German request for Soviet help, however puppet-like in any case the request would be. While, at the same time, any massive build-up of Russian power in East Germany beyond the present deployments of Soviet strength may seem to the NATO powers and to the United States particularly threatening and conceivably could lead to considering preventive action.

Now what is the connection between these three potential centers of local explosions—where each could trigger the larger holocaust—and the wider historic adjustments of non-white peoples and the white and the west to each other? I should like to suggest that in searching for this bridge between these two levels of international analysis we may discover in fact a working road to a viable relationship between the communist world, the non-communist world and the uncommitted Asians and Africans leaning as they do in some instances to the West and in others to the Moscow East. For this bridge clearly must rest on the fact that the communist world will be with us for some time to come, but that it is changing in important respects already and that its appeal of a few years ago to the Afro-Asian peoples may be declining as their nationalism finds more effective ways to express itself.

No one can view the enormous efforts now being made by Khrushchev to develop a common Communist denominator to embrace ideological and social diversities as great as those posed by Belgrade and Peiping without concluding that the centrifugal forces in the communist world are great enough to be worrisome to the Kremlin. The recent onslaught made, for example, by Djilas on communist orthodoxy will be read among many of the uncommitted peoples and their leaders as an indictment of a system that holds out a dubious promise in one hand and a biting whip in the other. For these reasons the height of political wisdom for the West may be to take the line that the difficulties of the Communist world now speak for themselves. What the west, therefore needs most of all is patience, a sense of economic and social obligation translated into technical and capital assistance, and most of all, the west must present itself as the very symbol of all who would preserve the best achievements of mankind. For it is Europe and the west that have given the African and Asian peoples their chance to move from bronze to electronics, from disease to longevity. And this contribution should be buttressed now with a high regard for the sensibilities of new peoples almost neurotically anxious to make their own mistakes. Let them make their own mistakes; but give them aid and comfort, provide them with machines and skills and boast with as much decency as we can that if this planet has values that are worth preserving, and techniques that have saved man from the drudgery of being another animal, these owe much of their preservation and their development to western peoples. Not racial chauvinism, rather an honest use of our history and our resources to guide the newcomers onto the unstable stage of the twentieth century.

Some day, a few generations hence, many of these peoples will have acquired the techniques and with these they may have lost some of their neurotic views of the white man. Meanwhile, we should remember that the greatest wars we have had have been a kind of civil war within white civilization, when European fought European. This may happen again but it is less likely than ever before because fear is changing Europe and the west is changing Asia. Peace may not be inevitable, but patience, power, alertness and a hope that one day the Russians and their satellites will grow weary with tyranny and search anew for constitutionalism in government, all may provide, if not the Biblical millennium, at least a human race not bent on self-destruction.

Joey's Iron Deal

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

ment of a tract covering one-sixth of the area of Newfoundland and Labrador.

The province will reap 22 cents for every ton of ore shipped, and government leaders say they believe this is the highest mineral royalty enjoyed by any Canadian province. An escalator clause provides increased royalties if ore prices rise. The forecast peak production will give the government an annual $4,800,000—10% of its present current revenue. Two towns will be built beside the mine sites, and 4,000 or 5,000 new jobs will be created.

The government expressed its pleasure by handing Doyle the keys to a mighty section of the Labrador treasure chest. Over the outraged howls of the Progressive Conservative opposition it sold its 83% control of the Newfoundland and Labrador Corporation, or Nalco, to Javelin for $1,200,000 — $300,000 more than it paid for its 900,000 shares.

When Nalco was formed in 1951 as a crown corporation to spur mineral development it was given sole mineral exploration rights on 10,000 square miles of land in Newfoundland proper and 14,000 in Labrador. Included in the same area are sole timber rights to a 10,000 square miles stretch of merchantable black spruce which Doyle values at $176,000,000. Newfoundland has made vast concessions in the past, but never so much to a company controlled by one man.

But the government figures new developments will result from having a livewire with good American contacts at the head of Nalco. In effect, it said to Doyle:

"You've made us a nice profitable deal with a 2,300-square mile concession. Here's another 24,000 square miles. How about some more nice, profitable deals?"

Doyle accepted the invitation happily, for Nalco with its limitless possibilities for mining schemes has fascinated him since he arrived in Newfoundland hat in hand and cigar in mouth in 1952.

The cigar is a trademark of the personable, 43-year-old American. Doyle lives in Greenwich, Connecticut, with his French wife and three children, the oldest 20, when he is not globe-trotting on business ventures in his private plane. A master of five languages and a talented musician, Doyle carries a portable high fidelity set on his jaunts to play relaxing French tunes after tough sessions of negotiations from which he rarely emerges second best. He is the Chicago-born son of Christopher Francis Doyle, a wealthy mining engineer born in Guelph, Ont.

The original concession the government gave Javelin through Nalco in March, 1954, was on land allowed to revert to the crown by the Labrador Mining and Exploration Company. Another part of the same concession blossomed into the Iron Ore Company of Canada project at Knob Lake. Iron ore production there is expected to hit 13,000,000 tons this year and 20,000,000 tons a year eventually.

Doyle spent much of Javelin's $7,800,000 exploring near Wabush Lake, 100 miles south of Knob Lake, where a low grade deposit was known to exist. He outlined a deposit of 1,162,000,000 tons of hematite and magnetite ore running 38% iron, about twice as high as generally expected. Javelin says the ore in the five-square-mile Wabush deposit is low on impurities, concentrates cheaply to 65% iron, and rolls easily into pellets.

John C. Doyle: Handed the keys.

In the fall of 1955 the Newfoundland government guaranteed a $16,500,000 bond issue to the Wabush Lake Railway Company, a wholly owned subsidiary of Javelin. The money was ostensibly to build a 37-mile rail line from the Wabush deposit to mile 224 of the Quebec North Shore and Labrador Railway, the common carrier which connects Knob Lake with tidewater at Seven Islands, Quebec. Actually, the government guarantee was more important as a prestige-maker for Javelin, which had been delisted from the Montreal Stock Exchange because Doyle refused to divulge information to which he said the exchange had no right. About $2,000,000 worth of bonds was sold and the railway line remains about half built. The government was freed from liability under the guarantee at the same time the Wabush mining and Nalco sale legislation was implemented.

Premier Smallwood has hinted that powerful elements of the North American steel industry were antagonistic to Javelin about this time and ready to go to extreme lengths to squelch it. Doyle hired himself a body guard.

"If I ever write an autobiography," Mr. Smallwood says, "I will tell of a most fantastic campaign of opposition to John Doyle."

Balked in North America, Doyle headed for Europe to peddle his ore. He sold a 2,000,000-ton-a-year, 15-year order to interests representing 85% of the German steel industry and a similar order to the British. Another 2,000,000 tons a year was assigned to the Steel Company of Canada. Doyle places the total value of the three orders at $780,000,000.

North American firms warmed, and in October, 1956, Doyle announced a successful end to negotiations with Stelco and the staid, 74-year-old Cleveland, Ohio, partnership of Pickands Mather and Company.

The two companies would pay Javelin $1 a ton or a minimum of $750,000 a year after 1969 for the right to mine 6,000,000 tons a year from the western 40% of the Wabush Lake deposit. They also had an obligation to explore Javelin's concession and the right to select two additional mine sites in an area of five square miles or less within three years.

Javelin reserved for itself deposits at Julian Lake, Wabush Mountain and Knoll Lake, and Lake Simone, Quebec. Pickands Mather agreed to mine these for Javelin for 2½% of the sales price of the ore. The Julian deposit, first to be developed, will supply the 6,000,000 tons a year needed to fill Javelin's orders. Julian Lake is northeast of Wabush, about 12 miles north of mile 25 on the Wabush railway.

Sales agreements make Pickands Mather sales agent for Javelin in North America, Javelin sales agent for Pickands Mather abroad.

The third section of the deal was unveiled in the Newfoundland legislature this spring. It gives the Wabush Iron Company an obligation to mine 10,000,000 tons a year on the eastern 60% of the Wabush Lake deposit. Wabush will pay Javelin 75 cents a ton, or not less than $5,000,000 after 1969. This plus the Pickands Mather-Stelco royalties give Javelin a guaranteed annual wage of $5,750,000 1969 with one catch — the agreements can be ended with a year's notice.

Javelin owns 10% of the shares of Wabush Iron, Pickands Mather and Stelco the rest. Pickands Mather represented other leading steel concerns in the negotiations, and their participation will be decided later among themselves.

Wabush Iron is to pay Javelin back the $7,800,000 spent on exploration and construction. It will complete the railway, build docks at Seven Islands and a town site, concentrating plant and pelletting

...ill at Wabush Lake. Pickands Mather ...ll build the 12-mile spur line into Julian ...ke and construct the town site, con...ntrating plant and pelletting mill there.

...Doyle estimates the mining projects will ...st $350,000,000. If the $133,200,000 ...e figures as the value of the transaction ...inging Nalco into Javelin is added, the ...tal runs to nearly $500,000,000.

The legislation that updated Nalco's concessions and authorized its sale gave the government its choice of accepting its $1,200,000 payment in cash or Javelin shares. Premier Smallwood has indicated it will choose cash. The government's 900,000 shares of Nalco represented 90% ownership when Nalco was first formed, but control fell to 83% when Javelin was allowed to buy a new issue of shares which made Doyle a Nalco director. The other original 10% of Nalco is owned by the financial houses of Harriman-Ripley in New York and Wood, Gundy in Toronto.

Javelin had issued 4,269,750 of its authorized 5,000,000 shares prior to the stockholders meeting in late June that ratified the Labrador agreements. The shareholders then agreed to increase the allowable number of shares to provide capital for development of Nalco concessions.

Javelin shares were worth $2.50 on the market in 1953 and about 10 times that today.

A Javelin-owned Nalco will pay the government 8% of its profits before taxation. Companies working under Nalco concessions pay the government 22 cents a ton on iron ore and five per cent of net profit on other ores. Nalco will pay an annual rental of $2 a square mile on its black spruce holdings and royalty on wood cut of $1 a cord if shipped for use without further processing, outside the province, $1.50 a cord if it is shipped for processing.

Javelin must guarantee that Nalco spend $1,000,000 on exploration every five years. At the end of each five years large slices revert to the crown until by 1978 Nalco will hold only areas on which it has taken out mining licenses.

The Progressive Conservatives, who oppose Premier Smallwood's 32 Liberals with four members in the legislature, gave little resistance to the mining agreements but waged an agressive campaign in the House and outside to prevent the sale of Nalco.

They argued that Newfoundland was getting too little while Doyle grew indecently rich; that the birthright of Newfoundlanders was being sold. They christened a house-trailer the "Liberty Coach" and rode it around Eastern Newfoundland seeking signatures on petitions asking implementation of the bills be held up.

However their chief plea—for more time for professional study of the implications of the Nalco sale—was a reasonable one.

In general, they raised a dust. When the government implemented the Nalco sale and Wabush development bills by official proclamation June 28 the dust settled.

John C. Doyle emerged not only as the individual who has profited most from Labrador's enormous natural wealth, not only as boss of a temporary empire of wood and rock, but as the man to whom Newfoundlanders look for the wizardry required to translate virgin resources into prosperity for their backward province.

Pickands Mather currently owns and operates or manages some 20 iron mining companies in the U.S. and Canada. Following is a list of the Pickands Mather companies most likely to participate in the Newfoundland iron ore deal.

Corsica Iron Company, Biwabik, Minn; Crete Mining Company, Hibbing, Minn.; Hoyt Mining Company, Hibbing, Minn.; Lake Mining Company, Biwabik, Minn., Mauthe Mining Company, Ironwood, Mich.; Odanah Iron Company, Hurley, Wisc.; Puritan Mining Company, Bessemer, Mich.; Palmer Mining Company, Palmer, Mich.; Sunday Lake Iron Company, Wakefield, Mich.; Utica Mining Company, Hibbing, Minn.; Vermillion Mining Company, Ely, Minn.; Verona Mining Company, Caspian, Mich.; Youngstown Mines Corp. Cuyuna, Minn.; The Hilton Mines, Shawville, Que., Canada.

The firm manages and operates the following iron mining companies which also do ore concentrating:

Bennett Mining Company, Keewatin, Minn.; Western Mining Company (2 Mines) Grand Rapids, Minn.; Balkan Mining Company, Bovey, Minn.; Mahoning Ore & Steel Company, Hibbing, Minn.; Cuyuna (Ki-yuna) Ore Company, Crosby, Minn.; Sagamore Ore Mining Company, Crosby, Minn.

The firm also has one coal company, namely Mather Collieries, Mather, Penn. producing 8,000 tons a day.

Calcutta

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

brooke St., the deprecating parp-parp of Piccadilly, the haunting toot of Paris, are all quite different from this bestial grunt of Calcutta cabs. And this grunt is in almost constant use. Apart from legitimate warnings to pedestrians, coolies, cows, herds of goats, buffalo-drawn carts and so forth, it is a substitute for all sorts of more familiar driving manoeuvres such as braking, steering and looking. The taxis themselves have a familiar enough color scheme of black and yellow; the exotic touch is lent by their drivers who are mostly Sikhs. Big burly men, they usually go in pairs, perhaps one is a spare driver, or the owner of the cab, or possibly just a companion. They have massive shoulders, curly black beards and luminous dark eyes, and wear sweaty old collarless shirts. But their long hair is wound up in the most frivolous turbans which look utterly incongruous: pale lemon or salmon pink georgette, sprigged mauve muslin, blue and white dotted dimity, rose-strewn lawn, they suggest nothing so much as cast-off nighties salvaged from the rag-bag and wound into headgear. Sometimes this dainty type of material is also used to freshen up the roof of a decrepit old cab, and you find a flounced false ceiling of gay floral cotton such as would grace a four-poster bed. But little is ever done to jazz up a flogged-out engine, missing cylinders, faulty brakes, worn clutches. The average taxi run around town costs twenty cents, no tip expected, but reminds you to check on your life insurance.

No! It can't be! Not the skirl of the pipes in this part of the world! It must be the heat affecting me like the woman who thought she heard "The Campbells are Coming" at the relief of Lucknow. But she was right and so am I. It *is* the bagpipes and I *do* hear "The Road to the Isles". Now, craning my neck, I can see swinging kilts and fluttering plaids, knee-length socks and snow-white gaiters. The faces, though, are not of craggy Scottish line, but of a Mongol cast. It is a Gurkha band and to our amazement, it swings right into our rich neighbor's compound. The servants explain that one of the sons next door is to be married. This band has been hired as part of the festivities. At first we are thrilled, then indulgent, then alarmed, then annoyed and at last resigned. On nine consecutive days the band appears and plays not only familiar Scottish tunes but strange doleful Eastern airs which do not soothe the savage Western breast. At last the wedding is over and the street returns to its normal quota of native noise and activity.

I do not spend all my time at my casement in Calcutta, but I could do so and not get bored. The sounds and sights are not all unpleasant. As to smells, if I call to that flower seller with a basket of roses, lilies and gardenias on his head, he will break off his strange hymn and be up in a flash. I can bury my much-affronted nose in his fragile wares and buy the lot for a song before they wilt in the noon-day heat. But it is not he for whom I am watching at the moment. At last I see the one I am awaiting and what joy, he is coming in at the gate! I can see him drawing out two thin air letters from his pile, one grey from Canada and one vivid blue from England. What news from far Alberta, and what writes my school boy son in Gloucestershire? When the postman heaves in sight with a cargo of mail then, to the Canadian exile at least, a window in Calcutta becomes in very truth a "magic casement".

Editorials

Continuing Tragedy

THE NATION was shocked when an airliner plunged into a Quebec muskeg, killing the 79 persons aboard. The tragic event was told in big black newspaper headlines, in thousands of breathless words uttered by newscasters. Yet as many or more people die on Canadian roads during a couple of holiday weekends without any great outcry for a public inquiry — or, indeed, with much more public emotion than idle curiosity.

These days, when a man boards a passenger plane, he has every reason to believe that he will reach his destination safely; the ease with which he can get insurance indicates how very small the chance is that the plane will crash. But the odds against him are much shorter when he steps into a motor vehicle — not because the automobile is any less efficient than the aircraft as a machine, but because almost any fool is permitted to drive a car.

Even our law-enforcement agencies seem to have developed a deadly apathy towards the blood-letting on the roads. Much is said about safety education programs, driving instruction and other palliatives. But there will be no serious improvement in the safety of highway travel until the courts take a far more serious attitude towards offences against that safety.

Remember the Customer?

BUSINESS exists to serve the public as economically and efficiently as possible. It exists to look after the public's needs and wants, not the desires and comforts of business men or the autocratic whims of government. Fundamental and obvious, you say? Of course — but a great many people apparently do not think so.

Groups of business men are constantly getting together to obtain arbitrary hours for doing business, not as a help to their customers but to lessen competition and make their own jobs easier. Their attitude seems to be, the public be damned.

Things get worse when government gets into the act. In British Columbia, for instance, the Government has been trying to put into effect a measure governing store-opening hours. The legislators thought it would be a good idea if stores throughout the province stopped doing business each day at six p.m. They probably got the idea from some storekeepers who persuaded them it would be only a fair regulation of competition. Now they are in a mess.

The BC municipalities are angry because they consider regulation of store hours a municipal prerogative, to be exercised on the request of a majority of store operators within each municipality. The shopkeepers are angry because they would prefer to set hours within their own groups.

Only a few of the BC dissenters seem to have remembered the people upon whom the stores depend for their existence — the long-suffering people who pay for goods at the convenience of the merchants.

Vive l'Automation

IN THE last French Parliament, deputies had to vote in 3,376 divisions, each taking about five minutes to complete. That meant an expenditure of 16,880 minutes on voting alone. This waste has distressed the frugal French, and the deputies have decided to obtain an electronic voting system to save time. Each deputy is to have his own voting button, which he can press without leaving his plush seat. A machine will tally the votes. Thus the French politicians will be able to overthrow their governments with even more speed and efficiency than in the past — a formidable prospect indeed. Now all that remains for them to do is to devise a system of electronic selection of premiers and ministers. Vive l'automation.

Wait and See

APPOINTMENT of a press secretary to the Prime Minister's staff in Ottawa has been warmly applauded by many editors as a demonstration of Mr. Diefenbaker's desire to clear the channels of public information. The cheers may be premature.

A press secretary can be of great help to reporters trying to get information for their readers. But he can also be a stumbling-block. Politicians like to avoid difficult questions — and press officers are convenient shields to be interposed between officials and persistent questioners.

We will reserve our cheers — and our jeers — until Mr. Diefenbaker shows how he uses his press secretary.

ANSWER TO PUZZLER

6 feet (ladder 15, 17 or 25 feet)

Break For Diefenbaker

MR. DIEFENBAKER and his Conservative colleagues must be greatly pleased with the decision of Mr. St. Laurent to lead the Liberal party not only through the winter session of Parliament but also through the election campaign that almost certainly will come next year. The decision gives Mr. Diefenbaker a much better chance of hanging on to power.

Canadian voters demonstrated earlier this year that they felt "it was time for a change". A change from what? The obvious answer, of course, is: a change from the un-Liberal conduct of public affairs by a Government masquerading under the Liberal name.

Under the leadership of Mr. St. Laurent, the Liberal party has suffered a sort of spiritual decline, an erosion of principle. Under Mackenzie King it was a party of opportunism and expediency, but at least the political baubles of King where all threaded on the same string— the King understanding of the meaning and purpose of Liberalism. Mr. St. Laurent seems to lack this understanding. Often, it seems, he would be more at home among the Conservatives, and just as often in some party far to the right of the Conservatives.

In brief, for all his great gifts, Mr. St. Laurent is no Liberal — and the leader sets the tone for his party. His decision to retain the leadership means that when the Conservatives next go to the nation, they will be fighting, not a revitalized Liberal party but the same organization that years ago forgot that it existed for something more than retaining power at Ottawa.

Mr. Diefenbaker now knows his political enemy, a valuable bit of knowledge. If his Government can present a decent budget of legislation during the coming months and look after public business with an ordinary amount of efficiency through the winter and early spring, he can look forward with confidence to the prospects of the election campaign that will probably come next summer.

How many friends do you have?

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SATURDAY NIGHT

Canada's Magazine of Business and Contemporary Affairs

ABC

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CONTAINERS THAT RIVAL THE CONTENTS

in plastic packaging MONSANTO is at work

Modern merchandising methods have wrought a revolution in the field of packaging. Today's containers must be "salesmen," luring the eye and hand of the casual shopper. And manufacturers who have turned to Monsanto's plastics for their packaging are experiencing a new surge of sales volume.

Transparent packages, for example, made of Monsanto's Vuepak cellulose acetate film, are closing sales because they leave the product open to the eye.

And beautiful containers—intricate or simple—molded of Monsanto's Lustrex Styrene molding compounds, are enhancing products as widely varying as cosmetics and pipe tobacco.

How about your product? Perhaps plastic packaging could put it where you want it—out of inventory and in the shopper's basket. Your Monsanto representative will be glad to give you advice and assistance on all your packaging problems—whether design, production or merchandising. Just give him a call.

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